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OF

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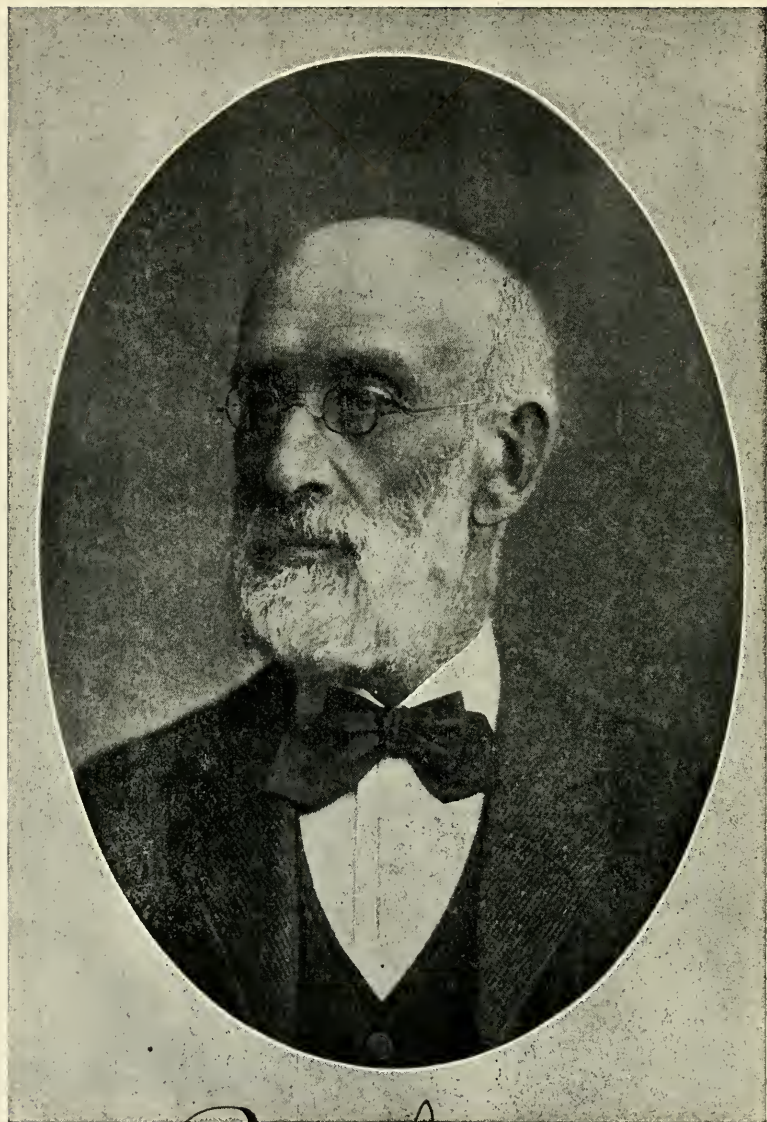
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*Reuben L. Converse,*



1642 — 1892

# LEGENDS OF WOBURN

NOW FIRST WRITTEN AND PRESERVED IN  
COLLECTED FORM WITH TWENTY-THREE  
FULL - PAGE PLATES AND EIGHT TAIL-  
PIECES TO WHICH IS ADDED A CHRONO-  
INDEXICAL HISTORY OF WOBURN BY  
PARKER LINDALL CONVERSE

The dress I own to

The matter I cannot aspire to

*Woburn Mass*

*Printed for Subscribers only*

1892

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TO THE

People of the City of Woburn,

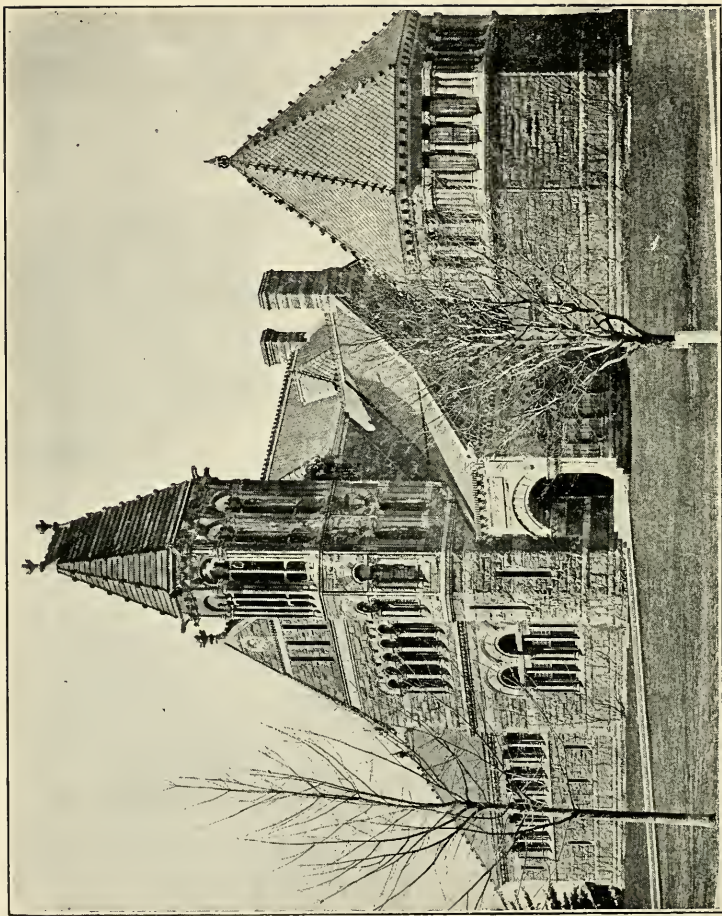
THIS WORK

*Is respectfully dedicated by their  
fellow citizen,*

THE AUTHOR.

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## PREFACE.

---

'Tis sweet to ramble in the fields of legendary lore ; to pick up the uncut diamonds lying imbedded in the dust of the past ; to see the incipient glimmer, which, through the thin covering, tells of the possibilities within ; to take these neglected gems of story and history, and bring out their hidden beauties, by latest verbal cut and polish, so that they may be acceptable at our modern literary feasts.

Every country has its national stories, historical and mythical, peculiar to itself ; and every hamlet its local ditties, dear to its inhabitants, which, in very many places, have been written and preserved, as they ought to be in all others.

Now even here, in our own City, we have our Indian, Historical and other Legends, which hitherto have been utterly neglected. Some are weird and imaginative. Those of Indian origin are most beautiful in conception. Others treat of persons and places, so therefore are of historical value, all of which are here now for the first time, written and given to the public.

These were mostly handed down in times, when the telling of them constituted part of the evening amusements of the winter fireside, and the delight of boys and girls of a summer night, all of which are rapidly fading away.

The writing of these Legends was done *con amore*, because it afforded the writer an opportunity of passing many happy hours in putting in form, with a *couleur locale*, the pleasant stories of his boyhood days, and at the same time of preserving for the people of his native City, that part of its history and literature, which, it is believed, could not otherwise be obtained.

The Indian names of persons and places, as they have come down to us in story, have been given as accurately as possible.

Many of these *Contes Legende* have already been published in the *Woburn Journal, Advertiser* and *News*; and if, in this, their collected form, they interest as stories, or preserve important facts, the aspirations of the Author will be satisfied.

Our local artists, Messrs Benjamin Champney, Albert Thompson, and Charles A. Burdett have added greatly to the value of the work: the first two by fine specially designed paintings, and the last, by an inimitable original pen and ink drawing, from which plates have been made.

In the compilation of the Chrono-Indexical Table, the Author has drawn freely from Sewall's History of Woburn, the writings of our local historians, Rev. Leander Thompson, William R. Cutter, Public Librarian, and Hon. Edward F. Johnson, and is also indebted to them, to Leonard Thompson, Esq., and other friends, for valuable information.

In the anecdotal part, he has received substantial aid from Miss Susan Edgell, and Messrs. Sherman Converse, Jacob Ames and Edward Simonds.

He returns his sincere thanks to Gen. Joseph Burbeen Walker, of Concord, N. H. for the plate of the Burbeen House, prepared for his recent work, entitled " "An account of John Burbeen and His Descendants ;" " also, to Edwin Whitefield, Esq., for permission to use his plate of the Cutler or Simonds House ; also, to the Town Officers of Winchester, for use of plate of the Edward Converse House, the first built in Woburn, in 1640.

For photographic work, he is under obligations to Messrs. Frank B. Richardson, Superintendent of Schools, Charles H. Taylor, George F. Hartshorne, Philip K. A. Richardson. and Austin W. Parker.

To George A. Hobbs of the *Woburn Journal*, and Frank E. Wetherell of *The News* (Woburn), he tenders thanks for kindly courtesies.

The plates, except the three named, are by the Aldine Engraving Co. of Boston, and will be at once appreciated.

The beautiful and appropriate design for the cover is the work of Mrs. Mary C. Blanchard of Woburn.

Messrs. Andrews, Cutler & Co. are credited with fine letter-press and half-tone work.

PARKER L. CONVERSE.

SOUTHSLOPE, WOBURN,

JULY 4, 1892.

# LEGENDS OF WOBURN.

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# LEGENDS OF WOBURN.

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# WABANOWI, THE SEER.

A LEGEND OF

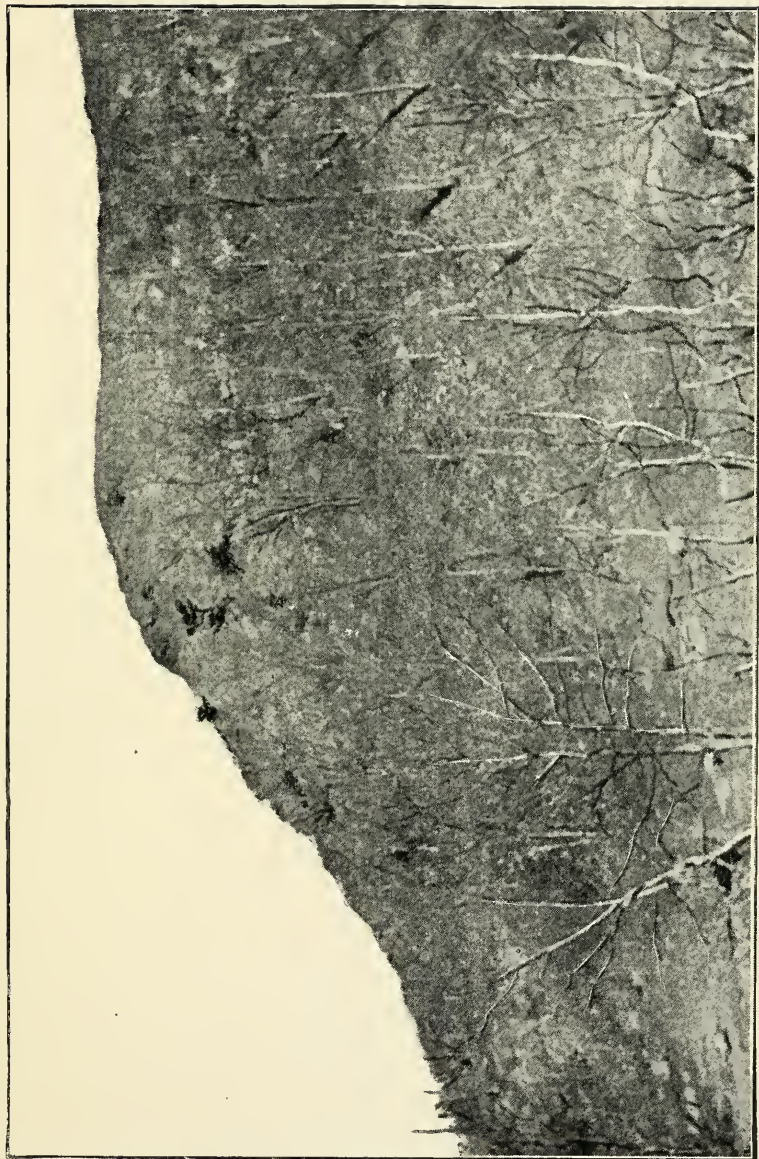
MT. MIANOMO (RAG ROCK).



It was early autumn, shortly before the arrival of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, and the ardent sun, as he declined towards the west, threw a flood of golden light on Innitou (Horn Pond), over whose flashing waters glided several canoes filled with Aberginian Indians, returning to their village in the shadow of Mianomo (Rag Rock), from a hunt to the southwest, among whom was Wabanowi (the Seer), Chief Sachem of the tribe. For ages untold had these children of the forest and their ancestors lived here in peace, save their petty wars with neighboring tribes; their young men and maidens had been born, had loved, grown old and passed away to the happy hunting grounds, while the sun still rose in the unknown east, out of the great waters, and sat in majesty behind the western hills. The traditions of the tribe, which had been handed down from father to son for generations unknown, at the evening camp fires, told their previous history, how they came from another country,—from a land far away on the other side of the salt pond, and that in coming time, unless they should be vigilant in

watching the signs which would be given, and prompt in action to resist, their tribe, with others around them, would dwindle away and disappear before a coming foe.

Wabanowi had a daughter named Nansema (she who steals hearts), as slender and graceful as a fawn, who, during the above-named hunt, had met with a young Narragansett chief named Winitihooloo (fighting bear), and ere the hunt was over, he had won her heart, but had lost his in return. For some time he lingered with the party, till one day near the close of the hunt, he sought an interview with Wabanowi, and thus addressed him : " The deer bounds through the forest, strong as the hazel bow, free as the air, and whom none can overtake, but he seeks his mate. The graceful fawn timidly peeping from her leafy covert, shivers at the long howl of the gray wolf, and longs for some one with whom she may go for love and protection. Winitihooloo is strong of arm and fleet of foot ; the bear falls before his tomahawk, his arrow pierces the breast of the foe ; but his heart grows weak before the loving glance of Nansema, and Nansema pines in her loneliness for the wigwam of her lover." The young warrior paused, but the Sachem, wrapped in his robe, spake not and remained immovable. Winitihooloo resumed his speech. " The traditions of the Narragansetts are the traditions of the Aboriginians, the signs of the forest are mysterious but sure ; the long predicted foe, though yet unseen, is approaching. Wabanowi will need assistance. Winitihooloo and the Narragansetts will lend him their



MT. MIANOMO FROM THE EAST.





aid in destroying the enemy ere it is too late." As the last words of the young chief died on the air, up sprang Wabanowi, his eyes flashing fire, his majestic frame quivering with anger, and, pointing his finger at Winitihooloo who stood with his arms calmly folded on his breast, thus addressed him : " Wabanowi is his own prophet, his eye looks into futurity, he can read the signs for himself, his arm is the terror of his foes. Does the old bear ask the young wolf to assist him ? When the signal fires are lighted, his warriors will assemble, and who can stand before their sharp arrows, or resist the tomahawks of the Aberginians ? Had you only asked for the light of my wigwam and Nansema had consented, although my heart had been left desolate, I should have given her to you ; but you add insult ; there is no foe approaching, but if there was, Wabanowi and his braves are able to fight their own battles ; they need no assistance. Begone ! Nansema will remain in the wigwam of her father, and Winitihooloo's life is not safe if the arrows of the Aberginians are pointed at him." The young chief replied : " Wabanowi will read for himself. He will become convinced. I go, but Nansema will await my future coming." So saying he strode away, and was lost to sight in the mazes of the forest.

Wabanowi with his hunting party soon started for home, and on the afternoon first mentioned were just nearing their village. The day had been sultry. As the Indians approached their wigwams, the haze increased, the top of Mianomo seemed covered with a thin veil, through which the lightning played, and

strange figures seemed to come and go. Soon the sun, like a huge ball of copper dimly seen, lingered for a moment on the distant hill, then slowly sank from sight, leaving the mountain covered with a halo of glory, which slowly faded from view, and night came on, while the stillness of death reigned in the murky atmosphere, broken only by the hoot of the ill-omened owls in the forest. The Indians, although accustomed to such sights and sounds, seemed to be oppressed with a mysterious awe; naturally superstitious, they looked upon all such appearances as the work of the Great Spirit, and the predictions as to the approaching foe having been noised abroad, as night closed in, the whole village went to rest in profound silence.

Wabanowi turned uneasily from side to side as the night advanced, now sleeping, now partly awake, till of a sudden, at the entrance of the wigwam, appeared a female figure, which beckoned to him, then slowly moved back as if inviting him to follow. He arose, wrapped himself in his robe, and taking his weapons with him, went out; the figure, like a shadow, slowly glided toward the mountain, followed by Wabanowi, who was held by a spell he could not resist. As they approached the mountain, it seemed to glow with an unearthly light, the figure passed into it, followed by the chieftain, through a rent which seemed to open in the side, but closed as soon as they had entered, when the figure having waved over him her shadowy arms, he sank on a mossy bed and soon was in a profound slumber.

Toward morning a west wind came up, clearing the haze away, and the sun rose in Autumnal splendor. As Nansema awoke, after a troubled night, she missed her father. The tribe becoming alarmed, diligent search was made, his trail was followed to the mountain, at whose base some ornaments, worn by him, were found, but the chieftain himself was not to be seen.

Time went on, and Nansema's ringing laugh was heard no more. Her step had lost its lightness, her eyes their brightness, till one day, as she sat looking at the mountain, while it seemed as if her overloaded heart would burst, suddenly Winitihooloo stood before her. She uttered a shriek, and threw herself into his loving arms. She had found relief. She had lost her father, but had recovered her lover. He was now all to her. She began to look herself again; in short, Winitihooloo wedded the beautiful Nansema, took her to his tribe in what is now the state of Rhode Island, where they lived in happiness.

\* \* \* \* \*

Time still sped on, then rumors came announcing the arrival of strange pale faced men and white squaws in a big canoe with wings, which made a noise like thunder. Winitihooloo saw that this was the foe foretold by their traditions, and urged Canonicus, chief of his tribe, to join the other tribes in destroying them ere it was too late; but Canonicus and the Narragansetts refused. They remained friendly to the Colonists, and afterwards to Roger Williams, fighting for them against the Pequots, till Winitihooloo's fiery

eloquence persuaded them to join King Philip in his war of extermination against the English, and in the second battle at what is now Kingston, Rhode Island, he, with Nansema, was in their fortress in a swamp at the time it was taken by the Colonists, when, after fighting desperately and finding all was lost, he cut his way out against tremendous odds, taking Nansema with him, both escaping unhurt; afterwards, with the small remnant of his tribe left, he lived at peace with the whites.

The Colonists continued to multiply and spread; the Indians to dwindle and retire until few were seen in the vicinity of Boston.

\* \* \* \* \*

When Wabanowi awoke from his long sleep, he was in total darkness; but gradually a light from above stole upon him till he could see the same figure, that conducted him into the mountain, coming toward him. Her face seemed angelic, and with a voice of supernatural sweetness she thus addressed him:

“Wabanowi, I am your guardian spirit; I conducted you here. I caused a deep sleep to fall upon you in order that your life might be saved, and yourself spared the pain of seeing your tribe disappear before the foe foretold by the traditions of your ancestors, whose coming it was not, for good reasons, given you to foretell. That foe has come. It is the ‘Pale Face’ sent by the Great Spirit to take possession of your country and whom it would have been useless for you to resist. I foresaw that your life and those of most of your tribe would be sacrificed in the brave resistance

I knew you would make, so I took the above means to save you and them. Bow willingly, therefore, to the decrees of a power greater than yourself. I shall now conduct you to the top of this mountain, and after you have seen what you will see from its summit, go to the Narragansetts; with them you will find Nansema with Winitihooloo, in whose wigwam you can live and die in peace." Slowly the light became stronger, and the Spirit, after conveying him to the top through a passage in the rocks, which opened for the purpose but immediately closed again, waved her hand, disappeared, and was seen no more.

The Chieftain slowly and sadly looked around him. At his feet lay Innitou, smiling as of yore, in the rays of the morning sun, but not a canoe was seen on its surface. He turned his head to look at his village, but that, alas, with all its inhabitants, had disappeared—not even a wigwam was left standing; but in their places were the first log-huts of the "Pale-Faces," his traditionary foes, seen in the distance, at whose doors played their pale, delicate looking children, in place of the dusky papposes formerly so dear to his heart. The strange sound of unknown animals caught his ear, instead of the forest sounds late so familiar.


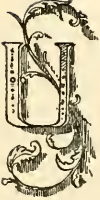
Long and silently he gazed on the mournful sight; and then he, the Chief Sachem of the Aberginians, alone, the last of his tribe to depart, slowly descended the mountain, and going to the shore of Innitou, found an old canoe, the last relic of his people. Getting into it, he for the last time paddled over its quiet bosom, now the property of the stranger, to its southern end,

where he stepped out, crushed the canoe to atoms beneath his feet, and, after taking a last lingering gaze at the summit of the mountain he had just left, and the beautiful lake he had just crossed, took his course through the forest, and in due time arrived at the place where the remnant of the Narragansetts resided. On approaching the spot he espied two little papposes at play near a wigwam. Enchanted at once more seeing children of his own race, he eagerly advanced toward them; they, screaming at his approach, ran toward the wigwam; their mother coming to see what was the matter, met the Sachem face to face. But an instant elapsed when the recognition came, and father and daughter were locked in each other's arms weeping like children for joy, while soon the whole village turned out to see the sight and hear the history of the stranger. Of course Wabanowi and Winitihooloo were soon friends. The old chief passed the rest of his days in the wigwam of Nansema, and often he would take his grandchildren on his knees and tell them the story of his wonderful adventure in the mountain.

Thus ends the legend, but there are those who say "that in the early Indian summer days, on the morn- ing nearest the full moon in September of each year, the tall form of Wabanowi may still be seen at sunrise, standing for a short time on Rag Rock, gazing around, while soon after, a canoe may also be noticed containing the old chief, skimming swiftly over the waters of Horn Pond, and disappearing quickly at its Southern end."

# THE MISHAWUM HOUSE.

ITS HISTORY AND LEGENDS.

UNDOUBTEDLY no public house in this city ever had so great a run, such a prosperous course, or saw so many changes in its long career, as the hotel which, until within a few years, stood where now stands the residence of Griffin Place, Esq., on Main street, at the corner of New Boston street, formerly called the "Reading Road," in Woburn, and whose last name heads this paper.

On April 23, 1785, John Fowle of Woburn, in consideration of one hundred and fifty-five pounds, conveyed to Ichabod Parker, then of Reading, Mass., among other lots, about four and one-half acres of land, with a dwelling-house and barn thereon, being the late Mishawum House and estate, which Mr. Parker at once opened as a public house. At this time there was a tavern nearly opposite, on the spot where now stands the dwelling-house lately occupied by Mr. Daniel Richardson, deceased, called "The Ark," kept by Bartholomew Richardson, nicknamed "Old Clown-ter," by reason of his big feet and awkward ways, (though bright enough,) while from the buttonwood tree, now standing in front, there swung a sign, on which was a painting of that famous old marine omni-

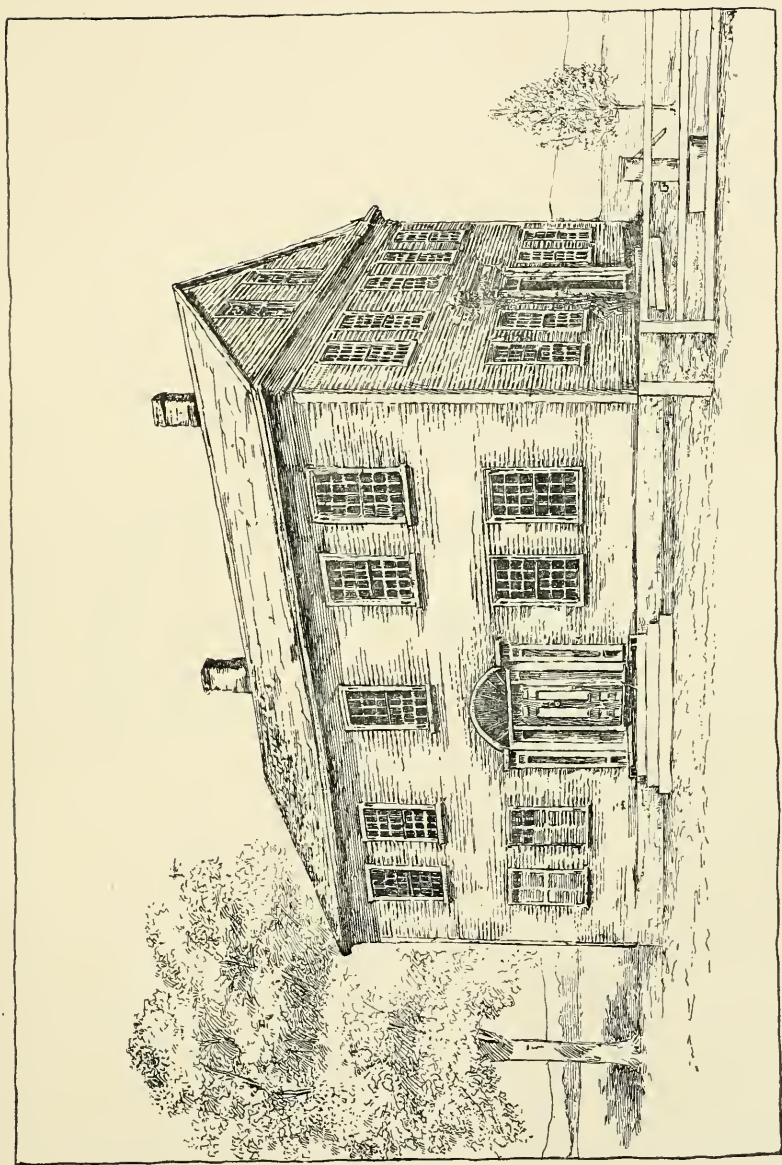


bus, constructed by Noah for the accommodation of that part of creation who had the good luck to engage rooms and get in before the rains came ; which sign was not taken down till within the memory of the writer. This tavern then had most of the custom ; but on the establishment of " Bud Parker's Tavern," as the hotel was first called, it dwindled, and while the Ark still rested on Ararat, the customers fled ; so the new place became the popular one.

The northwest front room of the new tavern was the bar-room ; while in it, at the southeast corner, was a semi-circular bar, and on the east side, from a long iron crane in the ample fire-place and amid the smoke of burning logs, hung an iron tea-kettle, always full of hot water, while its able adjunct, a loggerhead used for making " flip,"—now preserved in the Woburn Public Library,—rested against the high andirons.

At that time a stage ran daily between Boston and Amherst, N. H., which stopped there to change horses. Baggage-wagons in summer and two-horse pungs in winter, were quite numerous, and stopped there for entertainment. In 1795 the increasing custom rendering it necessary, the small L attached to the house was moved off, and a larger one was erected in its place, which stood till the main part was moved to Kilby street. In 1801 the old barn being too small to accommodate the increasing travel, a large stable was erected north of the house,—this building was on a rise of land about two hundred feet from Main street, while later, a long shed was made from said stable, which nearly reached the L of the house.





ICHABOD PARKER'S TAVERN (MISHAWUM HOUSE) IN 1785.



For some years about this time, and later, this tavern was headquarters for notable gatherings, country travel, military parades, dances, suppers, and town gossippers. An Ecclesiastical Council sat here on September 26, 1798. The Council to ordain Rev. Joseph Chickering met at this house on Wednesday, March 28, 1804. The table was reckoned the best of any outside of Boston, and many were the famous suppers served here to parties from the city and elsewhere, to sleighing parties, etc.

One day, on the arrival of the stage from Boston, a tall, athletic man stepped out and inquired for the proprietor. Mr. Parker, who was a splendid specimen of physical build, six feet in height, came forward, when the stranger, Mr. Smith, informed him, that, understanding he was the champion mower of this part of the county, and one never yet beaten, he had come to have a friendly mowing match with him, if agreeable, at the same time telling the landlord that he himself was reckoned the champion mower of his vicinity, and had never been beaten himself. Mr. Parker said he had no objection ; so after tea, an acre of splendid timothy and herdsgrass, in the rear of the house, just ready to cut, was staked off, one half acre to each ; the scythes were ground and hung by each man to his satisfaction, when, after a social evening, they retired for the night.

In the meantime, the two men being so celebrated and well matched, the news spread like wildfire, as it naturally would in a country village, where good mowing was then a great accomplishment ; so, at five

o'clock the next morning, when they appeared, it seemed as if all the men in town were present. Each of the contestants was a host in himself. Each had been too often in the same situation to be nervous; and as the experts gauged them, it was impossible to say which was the better of the two, while as they coolly struck out, with long powerful sweeps, holding their scythes flat and even from heel to point, doing first-class work, all were lost in admiration at the skill displayed, and no choice could be made between such perfectly matched antagonists. On they went, side by side, neither party seeming to gain, till, as a half acre of grass could not long stand before such skillful mowers, it was soon discovered that Mr. Parker's piece of uncut grass was smaller than that of his opponent. Each man now strained his sinews to the utmost, with the reserve power he had; the one, to hold his lead; the other, to recover his lost ground; but, finally, when Mr. Parker had finished his last swath, one whole one was left for Mr. Smith to mow. Smith dropped his scythe, came up to his rival, extended his hand, and said, "You have fairly beaten me, but I really do not see how it was done, for I kept up with you all the time." Parker smiled a quiet smile, and said, "I have not conquered, for although I cut my part sooner than you did yours, it was because my arms are much longer than yours, and I had bodily strength enough to carry the wider swath through to the end, by which means I was enabled to gain that much on you; so we will call it an even match."

About this time another incident occurred, which

may interest readers. It appears that the daughter of the proprietor, having the build and snap of her father, had been to Boston in a gig and was returning with an assorted small load; among the articles of which it was composed, was a bundle of whipsticks, a salable thing in those days at the bar. Just as she was coming down "Black Horse Hill" by the "Black Horse Tavern," in what was then called "South Woburn," she came up with the stage going the same way. The driver having on six horses and a very light load, undertook to prevent her from passing him. A neck and neck race ensued, the driver shouted, and blew his horn to fire his horses; the dogs barked, the whipsticks rattled amid a perfect cloud of dust, when, just as the plucky girl, after a hard fought battle, was slowly drawing ahead in coming up what is now called "Cutter's Hill," the bundle of whipsticks bounced out; but she, nothing daunted, reined up her fiery steed, stopped, with a leap jumped out, replaced the bundle, resumed the contest, and before she reached the tavern had recovered her lost ground, passed the stage in spite of the driver's frantic exertions, and stood at the door with a courtesy for the passengers.

On another occasion this same young lady, having charge in the absence of her father, was much annoyed at the coarse talk of a stranger in the house. After politely asking him to desist, he continuing the improper language, she told him if he did not stop, she would, however unwillingly, be compelled to have him put out. His reply was, "Perhaps you had better do it yourself." The bystanders stared, for they

knew her pluck and what she could do, and so they waited in breathless suspense for a moment before offering her their assistance, or for her calling for it; nor had they long to wait, for she instantly replied, "I will, unless you stop, or go out peaceably." On his refusal, and before he was aware of her intention, her superior force and determination had landed him on the ground outside the door to his great discomfiture, and the intense satisfaction of the lookers-on, who had witnessed his conduct and knew her powers.

On October 3, 1797, the landlord, Ichabod Parker, was appointed the first U. S. Postmaster in Woburn, and his bar-room above described was his post-office. His commission, signed by Joseph Habersham, Postmaster-General, and also the desk which he used for mail matter, together with his full account with the Government, is now preserved in the Woburn Public Library. He held the office till he left the hotel, Oct. 1, 1810. The receipts for the whole time were \$293, or on an average only \$22.54 per year; in fact, in the six months ending April 1, 1800, only ninety-three cents were received; while the largest receipts in any six mouths, viz: to January 1, 1806, were only \$20.98, the postage rates being so high, viz: from six cents for the shortest distance to twenty-five cents for the longest—as to almost prohibit correspondence through the mails.

In 1803 the Middlesex Canal was finished and opened for business, which gave increased patronage to the hotel. The first formal official ride on the canal was made in the summer of that year, the visiting party

dining on the way at this house. Some years after, a passenger boat called the "Gen. Sullivan," was constructed expressly for the purpose and ran on the canal for many years. It had a good sized carpeted cabin with several berths, was drawn by two horses, and often parties from Boston came up in it to the hotel, for pleasure, when the season permitted. Fare from Woburn to Boston, fifty cents. Time, three hours. A large transportation business was done on this canal, in long, broad, scow-shaped, flat-bottomed boats, each towed with a long rope by one horse walking on the tow path. Large rafts of logs often came down ; in fact, the business was large and remunerative, till the Boston & Lowell Railroad went into operation in 1835, when it rapidly dwindled, together with the stage and baggage-wagon business which was the life of the hotel.

After the retirement of Mr. Parker in 1810, Thomas Murphy, of Concord, kept it for a short time. This Mr. Murphy used to advertise among its attractions, "the fine gunning and fishing on Dunham's Pond near by." This pond was immediately east of the present house of Mr. Ward Wyman, and was drained about 1834, by Abel Wyman and others, owners. Then came a Mr. Kennedy. Then Joshua Davis kept it ; then Ira D. Glover was landlord for many years ; it was then known, far and near, as "Glover's Hotel." After him came Mr. Thomas Smith, and for another quite long term it was well known as "Smith's Tavern." Near this time about twenty-five horses were poisoned by a disappointed stage contractor, most of



whom died. In the meantime the business had very greatly increased. The baggage-wagons sometimes filled the ample yards. The stages were at the door almost all the time, or arriving or departing, so Mr. Smith erected another large stable between the other and Main street, and very near the street, and for some years both these large stables were often completely filled with horses, with occasional overflows into the long shed. The number of stages had increased to fourteen per day, twelve changed horses here, six each way, and these went by the way of Burlington to Lowell; while two each way stopped at Jonathan Tidd's Hotel at New Bridge, now the "Home for Aged Women," and went by the way of Wilmington. These stages were drawn by four and often six horses, and their coming was always announced by the driver's blowing his horn long and loud, sometime before he came in sight of the hotel, to give notice of the approach of the stage, so that the change of horses might be ready; then he whipped up his team, and drove to the door with great flourish, for he was a man of consequence in those days, and the arrival of the Boston & Lowell stage with the mail, express packages and passengers, created a sensation in the otherwise quiet village. As soon as the stage stopped, the driver threw the reins to the hostler, jumped down with an air of importance, took off his driving gloves, handed his packages to those in waiting, shook hands rapidly, told the news in a hurry, while the horses were being changed, when, again mounting his box, he straightened out his reins



with the air of a master, shouted "all aboard," cracked his whip in true Jehu style, and off they went with all the importance of a modern limited express; indeed the through stage was supposed to be on time, quite as much as the railroad trains now are, and the driver being both conductor and engineer, took great pride in keeping up to the mark.

The baggage-wagons were long, canvas-covered affairs, drawn by four or six horses, and did the transportation between Boston, Lowell and the country beyond; the roads were cut up into deep ruts by these heavy teams. In the winter, the sleighing being then more regular than now, owing to the greater prevalence of forests, the Vermont and New Hampshire two-horse pungs did the freight business, frequently coming or going for two or three months, sometimes by dozens in a string. They brought down country produce, and carried back an assortment of groceries, dry goods, etc., while frequently the pungs would be piled up with all sorts of kit, sticking out in all directions. The driver usually stood on a semi-circular piece of board extending out from the pung, in the rear, with his reins long enough to go over the load, while frequently he would get off and run, to warm his feet.

All of these stopped at the hotel, most of the drivers bringing their cold meat, bread and doughnuts with them, which they eat in the bar-room; and then might be seen the tea-kettle of hot water and logger-head in full play, making mugs of flip for these teamsters; and so they eat and drank while their horses

were feeding. After which, having paid their fourpence, ninepence or shilling, as the case might be, they lighted their "Short Sixes," "Long Nines," or their "Corn Cob Pipes," and again set off on their journey. These punks also did an express business, and Uncle Sam's post-office receipts were very much lessened by reason of the number of letters they secretly carried; while frequently the end of a barrel might be seen sticking out, marked "New England Rum," which was destined to aid in raising a barn, or help to swing the scythe the next summer; while a little poking might have revealed a jug or keg, marked "Holland Gin" or "Brandy," with the name of some well-to-do farmer, intended to treat the minister or the doctor when he came. These drivers also executed not a few orders of a secret nature, such as purchasing wedding dresses, presents, and other things not readily obtainable in the country.

Sometimes, in passing through the villages, they would sing out, in a let-the-cat-out-of-the-bag sort of a way, some things they had done, two or three of which I remember.

"When I get home, I'll have the kisses,  
For all these nice things brought the misses."

Another,

"A wedding dress for Sally Ann,  
A wig for Daddy, skirt for Nan,  
A plain gold ring, a suit for me,  
When I get back I'll married be."

One more,

"Here we have the Boston goods  
For the girls up in the woods."

Mr. Daniel Richardson for many years did a great

business, he having all these horses to shoe, and iron work to do, in his blacksmith shop on the opposite side of the street. Mr. Thomas Smith added quite an extension to the second story on the north side, which was supported by pillars beneath. After Smith, James Norris kept it as the "Norris House." Then came Enoch Hinckley, and for many years it was called "Hinckley's." After him came Bradley Williams, and finally George Burroughs ran it till it closed forever as a hotel.

On the ample grounds in the rear of the house, all the circuses, menageries, and shows, used to exhibit. Here was the popular place for the military to assemble. The old East and West Militia Companies often drew up here, and dismissed long enough to get their flip, a strange looking set, with the privates all in their common clothes, although sometimes dressed in most uncommon ones, with occasionally a bayonet on a broomstick, or a musket without a lock, while the officers were dressed in full uniform with white pants and tall bell-shaped hats with taller white plumes tipped with red. Here also the troops formed, when the musters were held on "Trooper's Plain," on Wyman street, above Central Square.

Between 1818 and 1821 Rev. George Phippen and Rev. Adoniram Judson used it as a parsonage.

When the Boston & Lowell Railroad went into operation in 1835, all this prosperity vanished. The stages left off running. The baggage-wagons and pungs grew less and less, until they entirely disappeared. The crack of the stage driver's whip and the

sound of his horn, announcing the coming of the stage, were heard no more ; and although the strong and aristocratic canal bravely competed for a while, steam power and rapid transit were too much even for that proud corporation ; and shortly it and its boats, once so great and important, disappeared with the rest, to give place to the new and better order of things.

Of course, the hotel, which was finally called the Mishawum House, felt all this ; it dwindled to a place of small resort, then remained empty for some years, till, finally, this once popular hostlery, this "Half-way House" between Boston and Lowell, whose halls and apartments had, since 1785, echoed to the discussions of theological councils, to the music of the ball-room, the conviviality of merry parties, and the laughs and jests of the gossips in the bar-room, which had been the United States post-office for years, and which had harbored in its hospitable rooms, the great, the beautiful, the saint and the sinner, was ignominiously shuffled off from its original and ancient resting place, and dumped on the north side of Kilby street, to become in its last days a tenement house for the tired workers of Woburn.

Let it rest there, in its old age, in peace !





WOBURN CENTRE IN 1820, FROM ACADEMY HILL.





# A CALFSKIN POCKETBOOK.

A LEGEND OF

## BRIGHTON MARKET.



IN the early days of the "Brighton Market," a substantial Woburn farmer, J—— R——, having occasion to go there, started early one morning with several cattle destined for sale. It so happened, that later in the day, a neighbor with his wife, drove up to his house, and informed Mrs. R. that they were going to Brighton, and would be glad of her company; so, having a friend in that town she wished to visit, their kind invitation was accepted, and they were soon on the way.

In the meantime, Farmer R. had reached Brighton Market, and there being a great scarcity of cattle that day, his brought unexpectedly good prices, so high, indeed, that his old calfskin pocketbook was stuffed with bills to such a degree, that a string was necessary in addition to the usual loving embrace of the long strap, to keep the contents from coming out.

The farmer, as one might suppose, was in high glee at his good luck, so much so that by his loud talk about the affair, he attracted the attention of one

of the light-fingered gentry who frequent such places as a matter of business. This man approached him in the guise of a farmer; talked about cattle, the crops, anything, in fact, that would please, till he had gained his confidence, when together they went to dinner, after which, the day being warm, the stranger proposed a quiet smoke in the shade. He produced some fine cigars (made for the purpose), and soon the fumes of the fragrant weed, together with the effect produced by the drug, threw Farmer R. into a slumber from which, after some time, he was aroused by a shake of a friend, who asked him to change a five dollar bill, when, on putting his hand into his pocket, he found that his well filled pocketbook, together with his newly acquired friend, were both missing.

To say that he was astonished is to state it too mildly; he was frantic; he had heard of pickpockets, and had always bragged that no one could pick his pocket without his knowing it; but now he had to confess to himself that, without doubt, the stranger was one, and had actually accomplished the feat on him so cleverly that he was wholly unconscious when it occurred. He immediately sought the aid of the police, stuck up notices, perambulated the streets for information, in short, did everything a man could do under like circumstances to detect the thief and recover the money.

In the meantime, the carriage containing Mrs. R. had reached the suburbs of Brighton, when she espied a woman wrapped in an old cloak, sitting on one side of the road, with a babe in her lap, which she was en-



endeavoring to quiet by crooning to it, apparently impromptu, the following lines :

“ Hush ! hush ! oh, baby mine,  
That young heart of thine  
I'll keep from vice.

“ Sleep ! sleep ! sweet baby mine,  
Thy father's steeped in crime,  
But thou art pure.

“ Bad life thy father leads,  
Oh, how my heart bleeds  
For thee my child.

“ So may Angels guard thee,  
And God protect thee  
From every ill.

“ I'm wild ! What shall I do ?  
My head is swimming so.  
My eyes grow dim.”

As the carriage stopped, she accosted Mrs. R. in an excited voice, “ Don't you hear that noise ? Oh ! if I could only run and find out ! Dear madam, if you would only hold my babe till I go and see ! Do ! oh, do ! ” Mrs. R. alighted, and found out by her almost incoherent answers that she had a husband whom she imagined was, or was likely to be, arrested ; her answers excited the sympathies of the farmer's wife, who, having a kind heart, readily consented. The woman placed the pretty babe in her lap, saying “ she hoped it would not be like its father ; ” then, throwing her old cloak around her kind friend and the baby, disappeared in the direction of the Market.

Mrs. R. told her friends to proceed with the wagon, and leave her to come later, on foot.

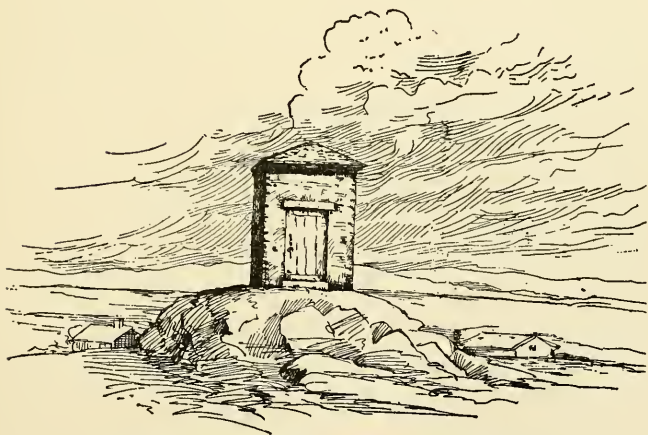
Hardly had the mother and carriage disappeared,

when a man in the dress of a farmer, came rapidly up, tucked a bundle under her cloak, ran quickly across the field, and was lost to view in a neighboring wood, before the astonished lady had recovered her senses sufficiently to enable her to comprehend the situation. When she did, she mechanically took up the bundle, and to her utter surprise found it contained the old calfskin pocketbook of her husband, well stuffed with bills, together with another one, also full of money ; one purse full of silver, a gold watch and chain, some silver spoons, also a letter, no doubt accidentally put in, which ultimately led to the arrest and conviction of the thief, afterwards shown to be the man who left the bundle under the cloak of Mrs. R., having the impression she was his wife.

While she was examining the contents of the bundle, her husband in his rapid search came up, and, finding a woman in an old cloak, with a babe in her lap, and his pocketbook in her hand, grabbed her, crying out, " Oh, you rascal ! You thief ! I've caught you at last ! Here is my old calfskin ! You villian ! You——" All of a sudden he stopped, as his wife laughingly exclaimed, " Don't you know your own wife ? You knew your own pocketbook fast enough." And it has been handed down that Farmer R. danced around his wife, with the pocketbook in his hand, till in his ecstasy he gave her a hug that nearly killed the baby ; while, to cap the climax, just at that moment the mother returned, saying " she could not find him," and thanking Mrs. R. for her kind offices, disappeared in the direction of Boston, her old cloak fluttering in

the wind as she rapidly sped away, while ever and anon the breeze bore back to the astonished couple, the words, "It was him, it was him; Oh, how my heart bleeds for thee, my child, m-y c-h-i-l-d, c-h-i-l-d," till the sound of her voice died away in the distance.

The neighbors said that soon after Mrs. R. appeared in a fine new silk dress with extra trimmings; and also in what all ladies sigh for, "a dear, delightful new love of a bonnet."



THE OLD POWDER HOUSE, POWDER HOUSE HILL.


# THE INDIAN SUMMER. ITS ORIGIN.

## AN INDIAN LEGEND.



Ay, thou art welcome, Heaven's delicious breath,  
When woods begin to wear the crimson leaf,  
And suns grow meek, and the meek suns grow brief,  
And the year smiles as it draws near its death.

—Bryant.

 NEDUCATED persons are naturally imaginative and superstitious; while even nations, not versed in science, see and account for things strangely, through their untaught minds. Our own savages, from whom this legend comes, thought supernatural beings, to whom they gave names, caused most of the occurrences of nature, and the following story, which had so far vanished when the writer was quite young, that he remembers only the vital idea, and therefore has been obliged to fill up the *lacunæ*, in order that the dress may set well, furnishes an example in point. This idea is, that in the dim past there was no Indian summer, and no bright foliage at all on the trees in the fall; only dark browns and slates, with dingy russets, like a dried leaf; and the Legend points out how this second short summer came, with its abnormal warm air, and its banners of flame. The plate, from



MANITOU'S MESSENGER ADDRESSING THE INDIANS.





a beautiful painting by our well known artist, Mr. Benjamin Champney, admirably illustrates the most interesting point in the legend.

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### *SPRING.*

When the Queen of the Spring, with her sweet, warm breath,  
 From the South came bounding along o'er the earth;  
 She touched all the flowers in their winter's nest,  
 And they waked and smiled in her face as she passed.  
 She danced o'er the trees, and bright garlands did hang  
 In their tops, on the bushes, while the soft air sang  
 Through the boughs that swayed, with diamonds all strung,  
 Which flashed in the light of the brightening sun.

"What ho!" said the Queen, "where's my violets, roses,  
 "My mayflowers, columbines, and summer-time posies,  
 "Wake up! it is Spring; 'tis your life and your friend,  
 "Come to tell you all, it is time to amend;  
 "I've brought with me birds without number to warble,  
 "So please not longer, in your beds, lie and dawdle;  
 "But start up and let me your bright faces see,  
 "As I go through the land, on my way northerly."  
 Then she kissed a good-bye, and passed along, saying,  
 "My sweet sister Summer will come after maying,  
 "And bring with her colors of various dyes,  
 "To touch up the landscape, the flowers, the skies.  
 "Be smart now, you sluggards! come up quickly and dress,  
 "In your bright green leaves, and all of the rest  
 "Of your toggery fine; push out your buds ready,  
 "For sister is fiery, impetuous, unsteady,  
 "And will cuff you sore with her nervcus red hand,  
 "If you are not prompt, at her haughty command."  
 So the flowers all started up quick at the sight,  
 And put on their mantles of green in the light  
 Of the fast length'ning days, and bright coming sun,  
 While they nodded their heads to each other in fun.  
 So the rains came down, and washed their sweet faces,  
 While they put out their buds for the summerly races,  
 And prinked and pranked to be all ready when  
 The Mardi Gras of Summer should open again.

*SUMMER.*

Soon Summer came lollingly, sweating and puffing,  
 She looked very much like an overdone muffin,  
 As she swept up the vales, in her clover-head dress,  
 All covered with roses, wild lilies and cress.  
 While the fire flashed bright, from the dew drops that spattered  
 Her whippoorwill slippers\*, her stockings all gartered  
 With long strings of bloodroot, and clasps of clamshell,  
 That were graven for her, by the fairies that dwell  
 In the home of the Orchids, that bloomed underneath  
 The old oak umbrellas that stood on the heath.  
 Her children obeyed her, and brought forth their flowers,  
 With wild cherries, strawberries, and sweet smelling bowers,  
 While the landscape bright glowed beneath her fierce gaze,  
 When the "Great Lord of Day" poured forth his sharp rays,  
 And the sunbeams danced shim'ring down 'tween the leaves  
 Of the mossy old maples, and woodbined trees  
 Of the primeval forest, on the delicate heath,  
 That timidly nestled, in the damp moss beneath.  
 The stately strong maize stalks in the old forest clearing,  
 Fairly glistened and swayed in their robust appearing,  
 While the deer to the shade, the wolf to his den,  
 Were driven by fierce heat, and the gnats that then  
 Ranged free with mosquitoes, the plagues of the wood,  
 And all nature quaked, while the Indian stood  
 And saw the fire arrows† of the Great Spirits' make,  
 Shoot through the black skies, and in wild fury break  
 The tough oaken giants that centuries old,  
 Had stood firm on the hills, and defied the cold  
 And the storms, tornadoes, with Manitou's roar‡,  
 That had shaken the mountains so often before;  
 While the torrents that fell from the angry skies,  
 Which soon caused the rivers to rapidly rise  
 And fill the broad plains with a deep, turbid flood,  
 All showed the great work of a powerful God.  
 But at last Summer's task was finally done,  
 So she passed along, as her sister had done.

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\* Common name for *Cypripedium* flowers.

† Indian name for lightning.

‡ Indian name for thunder.



*AUTUMN.*

The influence of Summer was passing away,  
 A chill in the air, came at close of the day,  
 The dim shorter suns, with the longer nights cool,  
 Betokened a stranger of soberer rule.  
 He appeared from the north. 'twas Autumn who came,  
 In long brown garments, all of color the same;  
 His pockets held corn ears, with berries and nuts,  
 While over his shoulders there hung strings of fruits,  
 With golden-rod, asters, red barberries, and such  
 As kind Autumn ripens, with artistic touch;  
 While his tall hat was trimmed with large leaves, dark green,  
 And others just turning a russety sheen;  
 But never a leaf of gay crimson's warm hue,  
 Not even an orange, a yellow or blue,  
 The colors were off from a light summer green,  
 And darker they grew, as the scant sun between  
 The leaves of the forest, and the boughs did play,  
 Their shadows still longer and fainter each day,  
 While the woodpecker's thump and the bluejay's tone,  
 Were heard in the desolate woodlands alone;  
 Till the Indians saw that Autumn grew weak,  
 His moccasins trembled, he could hardly speak,  
 For he saw his arch foe, the Angel of Death,  
 With his long sharp claws and his icy breath,  
 Coming down from the north, while his large mouth blew  
 The cold of his stomach, his huge breath of snow.  
 O'er the late fall blossoms, while 'neath the fell spell,  
 All the leaves, trees and ferns, with all else as well,  
 Grew black, soft and dismal, by the icy touch;  
 There was nothing spared, no, not even as much  
 As the beautiful flowers, which so lately laughed,  
 And showed their fair faces and greedily quaffed  
 The warm rains of Autumn; alas they all soon,  
 'Neath a dark gloomy pall, were sent to the tomb,—  
 And Autumn departed; so the Angel of Death  
 Had absolute sway o'er the desolate earth.

*WINTER.*

With cold, wet, and storm, and with sleet, wind and snow,  
 Did the stern old tyrant now come, and now go.  
 His cloak was snowy, there was frost in the air,  
 He had iced beard, the same as his hair,  
 While even his breath, with a zeroed pain,  
 Shut up all the lakes and the rivers again.  
 Not a look had he of warm friendly cheer,  
 Not a single word that would please the ear;  
 But e'en as he came, he continued to be  
 The cold blooded Ruler they used to see.  
 Now, as there is always some good with the bad,  
 There was one kind custom that Azrael\* had,  
 For he brought with him blankets of thick white snow  
 To cover and tuck up these summer pets so,  
 That securely they laid in their wintry bed,  
 While his cold polar winds, which over them spread  
 Passed harmlessly by, as they snuggled beneath,  
 Till Spring took them off with her sweet balmy breath,  
 And touched her children with her soft warm rain,  
 Which waked them to life and to beauty again.  
 But all the same, in the death of the flowers,  
 And cov'ring them up with his dark-leaved showers,  
 Old Winter seemed cruel, with his dingy pall,  
 Which threw a deep gloom, in the fall, over all.

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*THE INDIANS COMPLAIN.*

Now the Indians did murmur, they could not tell,  
 Why grim Death should come with a funeral knell;  
 Why make it so gloomy when Autumn gets weak.  
 And Azrael follows so close on his track?  
 Why not have given, as the sun grew low,  
 Each year a colored halo, a beautiful glow,  
 And tinged with bright colors the woodbines and trees

---

\* The Angel of Death.

Like those of the "Hunting Grounds"\* far o'er the seas?  
 Then Death would seem pleasant, not forbidding as such,  
 And the bright forest symbols would comfort us much;  
 And show us right here, although death must come,  
 A heavenly radiance surrounding the tomb;  
 Which coming just then, in the death of the year,  
 With the warm bright promise, and comforting cheer,  
 The spirits would lighten, and the heart happy bow,  
 To Manitou's plan for his children below.

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### *THE INDIANS' PETITION.*

" Oh Manitou, Manitou, Lord over all,  
 Wilt hear our petition? Do list to our call!  
 Thy children implore Thee, with tears in their eyes,  
 To Thee as our Father, our prayers do arise;  
 Let the Old Year die, with bright colors o'er all,  
 And not with such a dark funereal pall!  
 Let the death seem pleasant, with a heavenly glow,  
 And cause that it ever and ever be so;"  
 The Indians ceased, and low bowed their heads,  
 And waited what answer to them would be made.

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### *MANITOU'S MESSENGER APPEARS.*

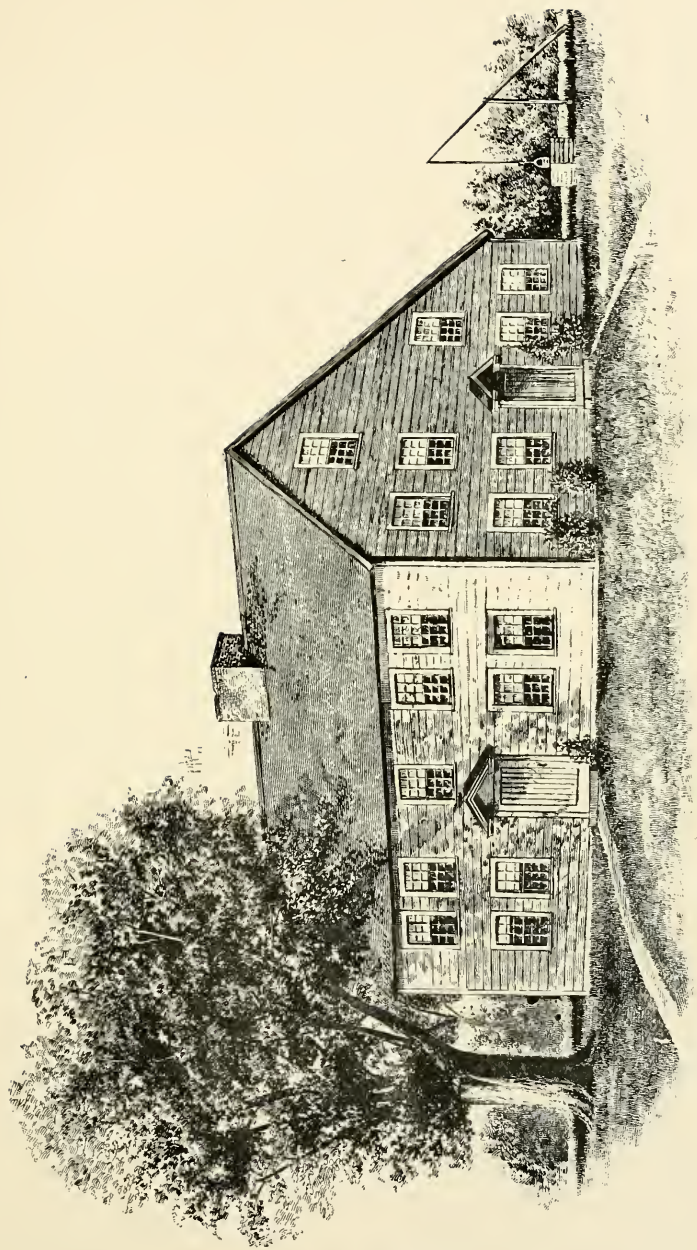
Then Manitou roared, and his fire arrows flashed,  
 And the winds from the mountains came thick and fast;  
 Then all nature was silent, while before their eyes,  
 Stood a radiant Angel, just from the skies.  
 His bright pleasant face, with his heavenly smile,  
 Illumined the forest, gave comfort the while;  
 And to them thus he spake, with angelic voice,  
 In words, all of which would have been their own choice.

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\* The Indian heaven consisted of "Happy Hunting Grounds beyond the  
 'Great Waters.'"

*MANITOU'S ANSWER AND DECREE.*

" The Great Spirit has heard your most earnest call,  
 And sent me, His Messenger, unto you all,  
 To say, that your wishes, though so high they soar,  
 Are e'en granted in full, for time evermore.  
 He says, " I'll give you, as the sun groweth low,  
 " Each year a colored halo, a beautiful glow,  
 " On the trees of the forest, forever to come,  
 " An earthly foretaste of your Heavenly Home."  
 And so every fall, as sweet Autumn shall come,  
 His dress shall be golden, and red like the sun,  
 And his tall wreathed hat, shall show on its sides,  
 Bright crimson, pink mottled, and light green besides ;  
 While the Angel of Death shall stay his advance,  
 Till Autumn and Summer together shall dance  
 In the second sweet warm spell, which will surely come,  
 When the sun grows low, and the grasshoppers hum ;  
 And the Fairies and Wood Nymphs shall trip o'er again,  
 Their moonlight weird gambols, in warmth all the same ;  
 While the soft hazy air, o'er the mountains and lea,  
 Shall shimmer and tremble through each colored tree,  
 And mild Autumn shall have full absolute sway,  
 To so clothe each tree, e'er he goeth away.  
 So the Old Year will die, with bright colors o'er all,  
 And not with the former funereal pall ;  
 Then Death will seem pleasant, with a heavenly glow,  
 As you've asked, 'tis granted, to be always so.  
 Now as, when you called, for your sakes I came,  
 The Indian Summer I now give as its name ;  
 And every year, when the red banners fly,  
 Remember Great Manitou up in the sky.  
 The Spirit's voice ceased, for the angel had gone,  
 But the promise was made, and has ever been done.



EDWARD CONVERSE HOUSE, 1640. FIRST HOUSE BUILT IN WOBURN.



# WEATHER LEGENDS OF WOBURN.



" Never prophesy unless ye know."

—*Biglow Papers.*

There was a time of yore, before the ray  
Of science came to light the darksome way ;  
When men groped aimlessly about,  
Without the knowledge to remove the doubt.  
Their untrained reason, in mount, cloud or tree,  
Saw signs, heard sounds, which solved the mystery ;  
By wisdom taught, expanded views they gained,  
And higher rose, as effort higher aimed,  
Till, like Prometheus, in their daring flight  
They scaled the Heavens, and snatched the wished-for light.  
So now, 'tis plain that nature works by laws  
Immortal, sure, for each result a cause  
Is found, why this, or that, of right should be,  
Why all the factors work in harmony,  
Why storms, winds, calms, and sunshine alternate ;  
Why earthquake shocks the mounts, and vales create ;  
Why air and ocean currents vary not  
From age to age their steady march ; in short,  
Creation's plan, which seemed so blind at first,  
Is solved by human godlike power at last.



AND so, in the centuries gone by, when society was differently constructed than now, with no scientific knowledge among the people and but little, and that crude, known to the *Savants*, it was natural that they should, in the absence of any better explanation, see the work of spirits and of chance, in the regular occurrences of nature, as in the case of the Greeks, Romans and our



own Aborigines; and should in their superstitious reasoning, take certain signs and omens as sure precursors of coming events, utterly failing to attribute them to the true causes; and so now, in the country, notwithstanding the vast increase of solid information of modern days, the old notions still linger in the realms of rain and snow, among those who do not "read up" on the subject; and in no branch of knowledge has there been, and even now is, so woeful a lack, and so much of the "Dark Ages," as in the matter of the weather, its causes, and signs. Slowly, step by step, after patient study and observation, is the truth established; but like the students in the caves of Caucasus, in the "Arabian Nights" instructed by the Genie, who said to Habib, "The book I read is the Koran: alas I have explained it to them for these several centuries, and yet there are still an eighth part of my hearers, who understand not even the first line;" the people generally take a long while to get to understand even portions of it; and notwithstanding the fact that the true causes have been reduced to certain knowledge, and every day the papers are proclaiming it, the same as any other kind of common truisms; still some weather prophets (?) even now, pretend to foretell storms and atmospheric disturbances for weeks in advance, by the influence and conjunction of the planets, and other kindred nonsense, in the same manner as did the astrologers of old; and it is the object of writing this article, to collect and preserve these old saws, and signs, before they fade out in the sunlight of knowledge in coming days.

It used to be said that when the musquash built their winter dwellings in the fall thicker than usual (and by the way that seemed to happen every year), there was certainly going to be an uncommonly cold winter.

Another old saw was, "that if the corn had thicker husks than common," (and it always did), it foretold the same thing.

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So if the potatoes grew deeper in the earth and had thicker skins (so observed every fall), they were getting ready for a big freeze.

Again, if hen's eggs had thicker shells (sure every time), it was a certain sign that Old Boreas, or some other old Wise, had told all the hens in advance, and so they took precautions by eating more pounded clamshells, or other material, in order to meet the emergency.

And some of the old settlers believed the ancient English saying "that onions (and it makes the tears run to say it) foretold the coming winter weather." Read the authority :

" Onion skin,  
Very thin,  
Mild winter coming in ;  
Onion skin  
Thick and tough,  
Coming winter cold and rough."

Here is another that was sure pop :

" If buds the ash before the oak,  
You'll surely have a winter's soak ;  
But if behind the oak the ash is,  
You'll only have a few light splashes."

Now, signs are all very well, if based on something

tangible and reasonably explainable ; but how the muskrats, old hens, corn, potatoes and onions got the news months in advance ; how the old hens should *cackle-ate eggs-actly* right every time ; how the intelligence got into the ears of the corn ; what the potatoes underground saw with their eyes, and what weeping prophet told the onions, is, and always will remain, a mystery, as the corn could not tell, having no tongue ; the potatoes' eyes had no expression ; the onions had only tears to offer ; and what the prophets said was worse than nothing, as it was the wisdom of ignorance, while all the others wisely kept silent.

But the old hen was a perfect treasure to the refined weather prognosticator, in another way. The "*modus operandi*" to get the information out of her by the new process was, first, kill her, and if on picking, the feathers were found to be finer and thicker than usual (the old hen was not fool enough to have it otherwise in the fall), then the story was true beyond contradiction.

Now on going into the forest, it was found that the blue jays and squirrels were ahead of mankind in weather lore ; for according to Shakespeare, who is good authority, there are "tongues in trees ; books in the running brooks, and sermons in stones," and undoubtedly a good many other babblers were to be found there, that he did not know, or at least, did not tell us of, which the animals had recourse to ; for Job says in Chap. II. (I like to give authorities when I can):

"Ask now the beasts and they shall teach thee ;

and the fowls of the air and they shall tell thee ; or speak to the earth, and it shall teach thee ; and the fishes of the sea shall declare unto thee." And so they somehow found out without fail every fall, that there was an uncommonly hard winter ahead, and very wisely laid up an unusual quantity of nuts, corn, acorns and other bon-bons to enable them to stand it, while the poor humans suffered for their lack of information.

But the science of the ignorant had even then travelled beyond these *sure* signs ; and reduced the whole to a chart, and an index, which like an atlas, or a barometer, told the story at sight.

The first of these was the " Goose Weather Chart," which was a standard authority in most houses in the country. This Chart was all the more to be recommended because Nature herself made it, not man ; so therefore, it was final proof, not being subject to change or improvement. It was discovered by some wise man or woman, and the wonder is that the discovery had not been made before, it was so plain and sure ; that when a goose had been cooked in the *fall*, (spring cooked goose no good) and its breast bone thoroughly dried, it formed an infallible weather chart, but for the ensuing winter only, as it exhibited streaks and blotches of dark and white, exactly indicative of the coming season ; and curiously enough it was observed that toward the neck it grew darker. Now it was declared to be weather gospel, that these bones, however much they might differ one from the other, controlled the next winter's weather, thereby ignoring the wea-

ther clerk and his authority ; but the rule was that you must begin at the hind part and look forward ; if much white first, then an early winter : if dark, then winter would “linger in the lap of spring :” much dark indicated rain, much white, snow, many streaks, a changeable winter ; sharply defined white and dark in spots, much wind and great drifts : (ice companies will take the hint and get one undoubtedly) ; but in order that the chart be accurate, it was essential that the bone should be quickly dried : and above all that it should be kept constantly hung *tail up, head down* ; otherwise the bone would confuse the weather ; or the weather the bone ; in which cases the weather would not be according to the bone ; or the bone according to the weather, which is the same thing in the end.

But the Goose Weather Chart only foretold the weather generally for the ensuing winter, so that was not enough ; for as there was no Signal Service man to tell the changes, it became necessary to find some indicator which would be accurate to *claw out* the news ahead daily ; so after many failures, the celebrated “Turkey Leg Index” was invented, and on careful trial, acknowledged by experts to be a perfect thing for the intended purpose. The secret of making and operating the “Index” was as follows : “Take the legs of your Thanksgiving Turkey, (none other need apply), let them soak three days in strong salt and water, to which add on the last day a little borax, to make them sensitive to the atmospheric currents ; then procure a straight piece of white pineboard, (any other might fail), place thereon! the left leg *claw up*

across the entre of it ; then balance the right one on top, *claw down* lengthwise the board ; then place the board in a safe place with the upper claw pointing north ; and *when* you found the claw drawn to the west, it would be fair weather ; but if to the east, *foul* weather, without any equivocation or evasion whatsoever.

This was never known to fail, (so said), if well prepared, but it took a nice eye to determine whether or not it turned at all ; but if the blockheads were at fault, the experts could tell readily enough when it moved ; but by an accident it was found out, that if the leg of a cock turkey and one of a hen were used, the claws would always *join hands*, consequently the index would fail to operate.

The twelve days of Christmas were said to govern the weather of the twelve months succeeding, and it was common to keep a record for reference.

Candlemas day had an important part to play in making the weather for the rest of the winter, for it was declared and believed, that

" If Candlemas day be fair and bright,  
Winter will have another flight.  
But if the day be dark with rain,  
Winter's gone, not to come again."

Here is a variant of the above :

" The sunbeams shed on Candlemas day,  
Will mark the spot where snow will lay  
Ere winter's storms and winter's cold  
Have melted into April's gold."

Another variant :

" As far as the sun shines in on Candlemas day.  
So far will the snow blow in before May."

Another old saw :

" If the wind's in the east on Candlemas day,  
There it will stick till the second of May."

One more :

Candlemas day,  
Half your corn and half your hay.

The days of the week were all important when to plant, Friday being the worst.

Read the authority :

" Monday good,  
Tuesday better;  
Wednesday best  
To sow or cover.  
Thursday less,  
On Friday stop ;  
Saturday fill  
Your Sunday pot."

But Friday was anathematised still worse :

" Don't plant or sow your seed Friday,  
For if you do your crops won't pay ;  
But Wednesday put in all you can,  
And fall will make you laugh, good man."

The months each had its ditty :

JANUARY.

" As the days begin to lengthen,  
The cold begins to strengthen."

ANOTHER.

" If January's moods be summerly gay,  
There'll be wintry weather to the end of May."

FEBRUARY.

" All the months of the year,  
Curse a warm Februer."

MARCH.

" If March like a lion comes roaring in,  
'Twil bleat like a sheep ere April begin ;  
But if in its coming, 'tis mild and clear,  
Then the lion's dread roar will April hear."



OR A SHORTER WAS.

" When March comes in like a lion, it will go out like a lamb."

APRIL.

" When April blows his horn,  
It's good for hay and corn."

MAY.

" Rain in May and heat in June,  
Makes the harvest come right soon."

JUNE.

" Calm weather in June,  
Sets the corn in tune."

ANOTHER.

" June sunny,  
Harvest early."

JULY.

" If the first of July be rainy weather,  
'Twill rain more or less for four weeks together."

AUGUST.

" Wet August and warm,  
Does the corn do harm."

SEPTEMBER.

" A ground that's dry, and sun that's hot,  
Will ripe the crops, and fill the pot."

OCTOBER.

" October's Indian Summer days  
Depart and leave November grays."

NOVEMBER.

" November comes with looks of woe,  
And hoar locks flecked o'er with snow."

DECEMBER.

" When Christmas is white,  
The Churchyard is lean,  
But fat is the Churchyard,  
When Christmas is green."

A variant of above reads :

" When Christmas is green, Churchyards grow fat,  
But a snowy mantle cures all that."

The moon, according to old tradition, was responsible for much of the bad weather.

“ Clear moon,  
Frost soon.”

Another :

“ Full moon fair,  
Brings frost in air.”

Still another :

“ If the moon on Saturday be new or full,  
It always did rain, and it always will.”

There was a notion that, “ when the moon lies on her back,” a dry time might be expected, because the rain then could not run over her horns.

Read the authority :

“ When the moon’s horns are up,  
She holds wet like a cup ;  
But when she tips over,  
Then down comes the shower.”

A ring or halo around the moon portended foul weather, and the old poet told the story quite cleverly.

“ When Boreas with the moon doth wed.  
The nuptial ring shows showers ahead,  
So many stars in the ring you see,  
So many days e’er the rain there’ll be.”

Longfellow, in his “ Wreck of the Hesperus,” sets forth the same idea.

“ Then up and spake an old sailor,  
Had sailed the Spanish main ;  
I pray thee put into yonder port,  
For I fear a hurricane.

“ Last night the new moon had a golden ring,  
And to-night no moon we see.  
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,  
And a scornful laugh laughed he.”

A few other old sayings some people will probably remember as having heard.

" If the cock crows on going to bed,  
He'll surely rise with a watery head."

" When the peacock loudly bawls,  
Soon we'll have both rain and squalls."

" When the mist comes from the hill,  
The weather clerk will water spill ;  
But when the mist comes from the sea,  
Then good weather it will be."

" When the sun shines through the rain,  
The Devil is thrashing his wife again."

" Rainbow in the morning  
Is the sailor's warning ;  
Rainbow at night  
Is the sailor's delight."

The above quotations might be supplemented by some poorer ones, but the above list, it is believed, contains all worth preserving.

Some of these old signs have a solid base, but the most are worthless, for, not until the winter is so far advanced that you can say with the poet,

" The queen of the spring, as she passed down the vale,  
Left her robe on the trees, and her breath on the gale,"

can you tell anything about it ; but if you wish to try the old saws, use the " Goose Weather Chart " and the " Turkey Leg Index," as they are safe, but the old hen, is doubtful.

In order to show the difference between ancient guessing, and to-day's science, I give ten reliable rules ; also ten good modern saws in antique dress :

#### TEN RULES.

1. Wherever a warm and cold air come together, there the storm forms ; so that, when the wind blows

from the north, a storm is forming to the southwest, where it meets the warm air ; if from the south, it is forming where you are, or to the north.

2. A sudden change in the temperature indicates that a storm is forming near by ; if colder, to the south ; if warmer, to the north.

3. A north wind in cloudy weather indicates fair weather ; a south one in fair weather, foul weather.

4. The wind never blows straight, but always in a circle, and always from right to left ; and the heavier it is, the smaller the circle ; so that, if a storm is upon you, it came from the right of the direction of the wind.

5. Stratus clouds stretching across the sky, always indicate the coming of a warmer wind from a long distance, and foretell a storm.

6. The white-capped clouds called "Cirrus" and "Mackerel sky," are the highest known, and usually mean fair weather, but if they come from the southward, increase and form "stratus," look out for wind and rain.

7. Cumulus or "cotton bale clouds" indicate local evaporation ; and in quantity, a short violent storm, forming close to windward ; if they decrease early in the afternoon, no storm will ensue.

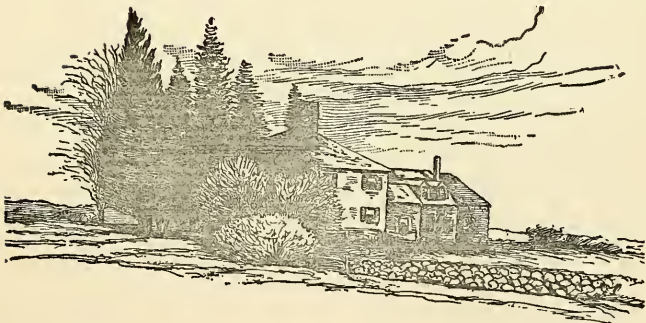
8. Frost and dew, each, mean fair weather. Halos and sundogs, foul weather.

9. High clouds, foretell fair weather ; low ones, foul weather.

10. A high daybreak, indicates cloudy weather, or wind ; a low one fair weather.

## TEN MODERN SAWS.

1. If winter's steady cold, little snow your boot'll hold,  
But if its warm, high boot'll do no harm.
2. The hotter the air, the more moisture's there,  
But when it is cold, hardly any it'll hold.
3. When the clouds fly low, there'll be rain or snow,  
But when they fly high, look out for blue sky.
4. When swallows low fly, wet weather is nigh.  
If they skim the trees, no wet's in the breeze.
5. When bees all rush home, look west for the storm,  
If they fly away quick, hay's safe for a week.
6. When hot air strikes cold, or cold air strikes hot,  
Get out your umbrella, your rubbers and coat.
7. If shepherd "North Wind" drives sheep in the sky,  
Leave at home your umbrella and rubbers to dry.
8. But if they both to the north disappear,  
Look south and east for the wolves that are near.
9. If flowers shut up when morning appears,  
The bright day will vanish, and end in tears.
10. But if it is cloudy, and flowers open bright,  
No rain will follow from morning till night.

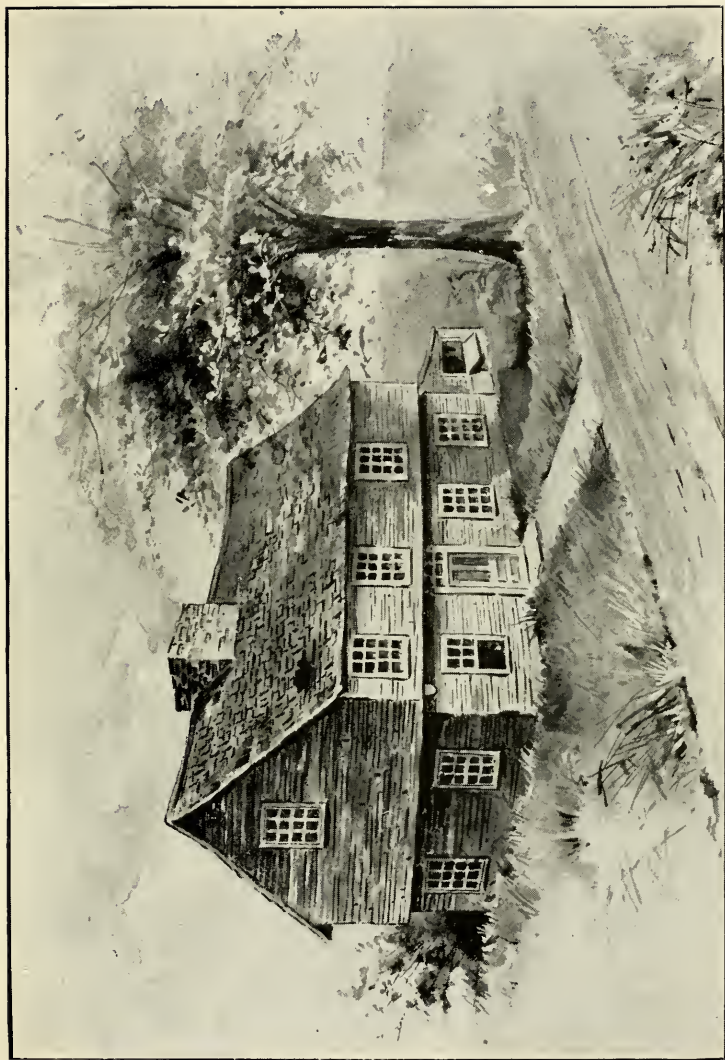


THE WHEELER (BLODGETT) HOUSE, NORTH WOBURN.

# TERPSICHOREAN LEGENDS OF WOBurn.



HERE is "a time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance," according to Ecclesiastes, Ch. 3, Verse 4; and our good forefathers and foremothers, who, notwithstanding all their sternness, had like their English ancestors, a jolly streak in their composition, recognized these facts, for they brought with them from Europe, not only their Bibles, catechisms, prayer and singing books; but also, their violins and flutes, together with the dance tunes and dances of the motherland, to cheer them in their lighter hours; for they were a dance loving people, and their music consisted largely of melodies suitable for the purpose; while the Baronial Castles of Old England contained large halls, notably Penshurst, where Queen Elizabeth danced the Minuet with the Earl of Leicester; and Holyrood Palace, where Mary Queen of Scots performed her native Strathspey, with Rizzio; in which our old Contra dances, Jigs and Hornpipes were danced long before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth.



THE OLD BURBEEN HOUSE.





The earliest knowledge we have of dancing in Woburn is, that those dances were the only ones then in vogue, except the Minuet, which was now and then seen in stately assemblies. The Minuet, named from the Latin *Minutus*, small, because short steps are taken in its performance, was a dignified dance, in slow triple time, out of which grew the modern waltz and its congeners. The great composers lent their aid in furnishing music; while the French dancing masters perfected their pupils in the use of steps and deportment in its performance.

The Jig was only a rough jolly dance, of the lower sort, danced singly, or in company with others, but even that had its regular steps, interspersed occasionally with the "Sailor's Shuffle." The Hornpipe was like unto it, only much improved, with characteristic steps; the "shuffle" was left off, and the "Pigeon Wing" substituted; being used as a show dance by a single performer; while occasionally a double hornpipe was seen. The Reel, a Scottish whirling dance, was never a favorite here; it was so named because of its motion, and the dizziness now and then caused by it.

The Contra dance, often improperly called "Country dance," named from the Latin word *Contra*, meaning against or opposite to, because the partners in dancing stand opposite to, and facing each other, forming two parallel lines, was the one most in use. Fisher's Hornpipe, Hull's Victory, Money Musk, Chorus Jig, College Hornpipe, Virginia Reel, and The Humors of Priest's House, or "Priesthouse," as

it was called for short, being the principal ones. Each had an attractive set of figures.

It was not till these were well worn, that the "Cotillon" (under petticoat), so called, because fancy trimming to that article of dress, was then in vogue, and shown by holding the skirt aside in balancing, and addressing partners, was introduced, to the delight of all, together with its greater counterpart, the quadrille, and were at once recognized as a great march forward in the art; they gave more scope for skill and enjoyment, while the combined movements in uniform step and time; with the almost endless figures danced "as called" by the "prompter" gave an air of much greater refinement to the ballroom, than had heretofore been attainable. They at once became the rage, and careful training brought great results.

Soon after came the polka, schottische, hop waltz, mazurka, redowa, waltz quadrille, and other variants of the original dances, for they are all really only improved minuets, and combined jigs, hornpipes, cotillons. These are the fashion of to-day, although the contra dance is once more brought into use, together with the minuet a little changed, under the name of the "Oxford Minuet."

The dancing school of "ye olden tyme" was a very different affair from what it is at the present day. Then, the dancing master meant business. The question was not so much how soon the pupils could dance, as how well they could do it, when they finally got at it. The scholars were not only required to behave as

orderly as those of our High schools, but each was drilled most thoroughly in the steps, and positions of the feet ; while occasionally one was “ dropped out ” because he or she could not acquire the art of step-taking to the perfection required ; or could not keep time perfectly in dancing ; as many as ten evenings being sometimes necessary to devote to drill, before any dancing at all was permitted ; and even then, frequent stops occurred, to bring up the poorer ones to the proper standard. The final public balls, at the end of each term, exhibited almost perfectly the “ poetry of motion ; ” for the “ manual exercise of heels ” was brought down to strict science, examples of which may occasionally be seen in our best theatres. Each dancer had his or her feet in position ; each started on time ; each took the steps gracefully ; and all arrived at their proper places exactly together. The *tout ensemble* of the ball room was perfect. When the art was well learned, as then, among dancers, they took pride in the correct positions of their feet ; in the exactitude of their steps and time ; and pains to exhibit their skill and behavior, so an air of refined culture and enjoyment pervaded the hall ; but gradually, the “ round dances ” were introduced ; the art of taking the required steps was lost ; the necessity of keeping time in concert, so as to complete the figures all together, was not felt ; so to-day, although the waltz and polka steps are taught and taken, the dancers dawdle through the cotillon, quadrille, contra dance and reel without regular steps, or regard to time or position : and waltz with their partners in the

“all hands round” out of place and time, making a sorry exhibit to those who saw the finer dancing of the years when the art was in its glory.

At different periods the following halls in Woburn were used for dancing. The Baldwin Hall in the house built, according to Rev. Leander Thompson, a good authority, by Dr. Blodgett, and finished by Col. Loammi Baldwin, now known as the “Wheeler House,” in North Woburn, which in the latter part of the eighteenth century and beginning of the nineteenth, was a favorite place. It had a regular orchestra over the entrance door; and here often assembled the beauty and fashion of Woburn. And by the way, quite a good story is told of it. In 1802 there was held there what was called a “Silk Stocking Ball,” that is, an assembly of the best society of the town; and for lack of room the “turkey supper” was served in the present “Baldwin House” on the old road, to which road a private way then led from the first-named house. Now it so happened, that a tremendous snow storm raged that day, so that by supper time, the snow was too deep to keep the path open sufficient for walking; while, with the limited transportation facilities available, it was impossible to convey all the ladies over in season; but the gentlemen were equal to the occasion, for not wishing to wait, several of the strongest took up their sweethearts and carried them across by main force, while some of the spunky small ones joined forces, and by strength of love and united muscle *duelled* their fair partners through the storm; so that, at the appointed time,

each lady was in her place with rosy cheeks, and a hearty "thank you" for her "help in time of need."

Jonathan Tidd's Hall in the building now occupied by the "Home for Aged Women" in North Woburn, was often used.

The Hall of the "Clapp House" or "Brick House Tavern," formerly standing at Central Square, was another place much frequented later. The one in the Hotel near Central Square, formerly known as "Bud Parker's Tavern," "Glover's," "Smith's Hotel," "Hinckley's" and more recently as "The Mishawum House," now standing on Kilby street, was celebrated from 1785 to 1850, to which, beside Woburn people, parties from Boston used to resort, frequently coming up, weather permitting, on the Middlesex Canal, in the cabined passenger boat called the "Gen. Sullivan," drawn by two horses.

A small Hall in Wood's Tavern, formerly standing where the Woburn National Bank Block now stands, was quite a resort for the dancing public. Flagg's Hall in the old building occupied by Maloney Brothers, now standing at the corner of Main and Salem streets, was a favorite place for "youth and beauty" to meet in the merry dance. Zeb. Wyman's Hall in the old house now to be seen on Main Street near Montvale Avenue, was another where they "chased the glowing hours with flying feet" far into the small hours. John Fowle's Hall over his store, in the building then standing where the First Congregational Church now stands, often shook to the mirthful time-measured

steps of the youth of the day. A noted place was W. Weston's Hall in what was then known as the "Black Horse Tavern" South Woburn; Edmund Parker's and Thaddeus Parker's at the "West Side" were resorts wherein to "trip the light fantastic toe," while later, The Central House Hall, Lyceum Hall, with the Town Hall, were popular places where the votaries of Terpsichore pursued their favorite pastime. Some halls had spring floors to facilitate dancing, in which those who did not keep time, were occasionally tripped. The dancing formerly commenced at from 4 to 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and in regular balls continued late, sometimes till near or quite daylight; in fact, it was not an unknown occurrence for the last dance to take place by daylight, or even by sunrise, with curtains drawn and lights extinguished; a turkey supper was served, while in the less formal ones, refreshments for the ladies, consisting of cake and wine, were passed around to them in the Hall. The choice of partners was commonly by cards bearing numbers. The gentlemen always wore "pumps" as they were called, that is, very light turned slippers without innersole or heel, the soles of the best specimens, being well pounded to make them soft and pliable; while the ladies wore a light shoe called a "runround," or a "springheel," usually held snug in place by long ribbons passing herring-bone-like around the ankles. By means of these light footings the dancers were enabled to move much more lightly and gracefully, and dance easier and better than those of the present day can with their stiff heeled boots and



shoes, while many of the gentlemen by their aid, became celebrated for the "Pigeon Wings" they could cut, that is, a fancy shake or trill, so to speak, of the feet when executing a balance, then greatly in fashion, which when skilfully done was very effective, but required much practice to do finely. The ladies used to hold their dresses aside with a delicate motion of their hands when balancing, making a curtsy, or addressing partners, which lent an added charm to their motions not now seen; while many a fine lady dancer with her light dress, finished step taking, and graceful movements in exact time, entranced the spectators, all of which seems to be a lost art to our modern belles, although these last make up for it in part, by their witching waltzing and fine polka dancing.

So far as can now be ascertained, the first regular dancing school was kept by Du Care, a Frenchman.

In 1830 Prof. Robbins of Lexington opened one in the hall of the "Brick House Tavern," from whose academy a large number of finished dancers graduated.

About that time Mr. William Beard commenced giving lessons here, and for half a century has in Woburn and numerous other places been highly successful in teaching the graceful art. His scholars are noted for their correct style and good deportment, while his splendid performance of the "Highland Fling" in full costume, was the perfection of skill, and a thing to be always remembered by those who saw it.

Our local teachers have been Benj. F. Flanders, J. Addison Parker, Eleazer F. Pool and others.

In the earlier years, the music consisted of Violin, or Violin and Clarionet, later of Violin, Clarionet and Bass Viol, but the names of the performers unfortunately cannot now be ascertained, except that of Mr. Harnden the blind Violinist, who was a celebrity in his day. Later Post Horns, Bugles, Cornets and Trombones figured in the Orchestra. The White brothers were employed. The celebrated Ned Kendall with his silver bugle, and afterwards with his gold one, together with his no less noted brother Jim Kendall, inimitable in his day on the clarionet, were in their time, the most distinguished players in the State ; and the old halls in the Flagg House, Central House and others were often filled with dancers carried to the highest pitch of enjoyment by their fine sympathetic playing ; but when Ned Kendall took up his gold bugle in the March, and in his unequalled manner executed the solo in " Wood Up," or " Blues Quickstep " the enthusiasm of the multitude knew no bounds, and often the cheering, which could not be repressed for the moment, overpowered the music. Sam. Ames, the unapproachable bass player, the fine Germania Band, Hall's Orchestra, with D. C. Hall, the only rival Kendall ever had, the Marion Quadrille Band, and Kurek's Orchestra, both of Woburn ; Wright's Band of Stoneham with Weston, then a popular Post Horn player, and Nash's Orchestra of Stoneham, all were popular. Later Baldwin's Cadet Band, Richardson's and others have taken their places.

I give copies of a few specimens of ball cards of eighty years ago, which may be interesting to dancers of the present day.

" This card

Admits Capt. Wade to a Ball, at the Hotel lately kept by I. Parker in Woburn, on Thursday evening,

November 29, 1810.

L. THOMPSON, }  
F. WYMAN, } Managers.  
S. C. BUCKMAN, }

To commence at 5 o'clock."

" This card

Admits Maj. John Wade to a Ball at Zeb. Wyman's Hall in Woburn, on Wednesday evening, Jan. 1, 1812.

J. REED, JR., }  
S. C. BUCKMAN, } Managers.  
R. THOMPSON, }

To commence at 5 o'clock."

" Social Ball.

This Card Admits

Col. John Wade to a Ball, at J. Tidd's Hall, in Woburn, December 19, 1815.

To commence at 4 o'clock, P. M.

C. THOMPSON, }  
J. CONVERS, JR., } Managers."  
L. EATON, JR., }

" This Card Admits

Col. John Wade to a Ball at Mr. W. Weston's Hall in Woburn, on Monday, Jan. 8, 1816.

B. WYMAN, JR., }  
J. PIERCE, JR., } Managers.  
M. WYMAN, }

To commence at 4 o'clock, P. M."

From the above it will be seen, that the dancing then commenced at 4 and 5 o'clock, P. M., while now it commences at 8 P. M. It will also be noticed, that the words "with ladies" are not, as in more modern days, mentioned, neither is the music as in these days, printed on the card. The hotel stated as "lately kept by I. Parker," was the old Mishawum House. The Zeb. Wyman Hall was in the late residence of Miss Ruth M. Leathe. J. Tidd's Hall was in the house now occupied by the "Home for Aged Women" in North Woburn. W. Weston's Hall was in the "Black Horse Tavern," Winchester.

It will be noticed that several of our prominent citizens, now passed away, were managers, of these balls, viz:—Col. Leonard Thompson, his brother Rufus Thompson, Cyrus Thompson, Esq., Jesse Converse, Jr., father of the late David Gould Converse, Jacob Pierce, Benjamin Wyman, who formerly resided on the old Wyman Homestead near Central Square, and Maverick Wyman, late deceased.

As the town was then small, the amusements few, and all went together to whatever was undertaken, the parties were usually enthusiastic and numerously attended; the ladies were charming, the gentlemen polite, while the whole was conducted with business-like order, by the use of numbered cards for drawing partners, and other means, which prevented the mad rush of these later days, while the poorer dancers were as sure of good partners, as the best, by the devise of drawing by numbers.

The dancing of to-day in accuracy and skill, is

inferior to that of 50 years ago; but people after the greater strain of modern business, care more for the amusement, than the skill with which it is done. The Theatres would have a "beggarly account of empty boxes" if, as formerly, tragedies and long drawn sentimental plays were frequently put upon the stage; while really good comedies and splendid scenic effects please the tired workers.

But a large gain has been made in some respects. Very few parties are held in Hotels; the use of wine has been stopped; the hours are reasonable, 8 to 12, while more care is exercised as to the company kept.

There is nothing that so trains the body to correct movement, as a thorough schooling in the art; and withal, it is a healthy and pleasant pastime. By its use ladies and gentlemen acquire a graceful carriage, polite manners, and that peculiar bearing not otherwise obtainable; and now that the obnoxious features have been eliminated, all classes from highest to lowest can, without fear, partake of its advantages and enjoyment.



# THE MIDNIGHT DANCE.

A LEGEND OF

MT. MIANOMO, (RAGROCK), WOBURN.



I cannot tell how the truth may be ;  
I say the tale as 'twas said to me.

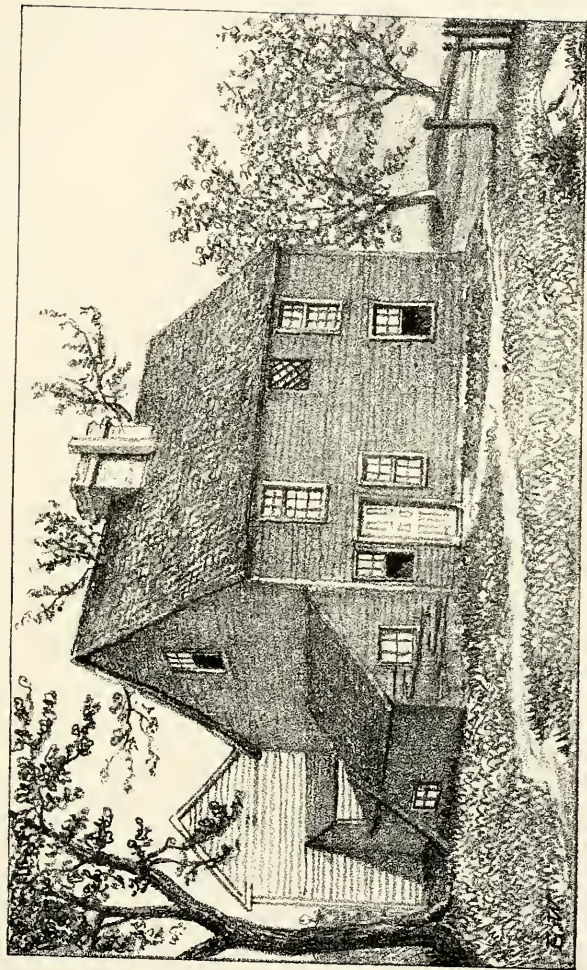
—*Scott.*

## CANTO I.



OME hundred years or so ago,  
When Woburn town could scarcely show  
A thousand people walking o'er  
Its grass grown roads to church, to store ;  
While every day both saints and sinners,  
All took cider with their dinners,  
And sober thoughts employed their hours,  
Instead of weaving fancy's flowers.  
One meetinghouse held all the people,  
One store sold all the goods and tipple,  
And all the men hoed corn and beans,  
While all the girls sewed up the seams  
Of gowns, quilts, shirts and bombazines,  
That now are done by whirling things,  
That whirr and buzz in every house,  
And fright to death each rat and mouse :  
Then girls and boys together met,  
In winter's evenings cold or wet,  
At apple bees and candy making,  
Where lads got kisses for the taking,  
From girls who screeched and said "no ! no !"  
While all their actions said "do ! do !"  
And then the ride o'er the crisp snow,  
'Neath the bright moon all laughing go,  
Then took a last kiss at the door,





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### *The Cutler House, Woburn.*

*This house must be at least 200 years old, but the exact date cannot be ascertained with certainty. In 1789 it was owned by Benj. Simmonds, and here the Episcopal Society held their services. It is now owned by Jesse Cutler, and is the only old house in which a genuine old-fashioned diamond-paned window is still to be seen.*





And hurried home to dream all o'er,  
 The huskings, quiltings, pumpkin pies,  
 All mixed up with mirthful eyes,  
 Till morn with all her golden train,  
 Waked them to sober life again.

## CANTO II.

'Twas night in Fall. The Harvest moon  
 Shone bright and warm, the huskings done,  
 And Mianomo's peak appeared  
 'Neath her soft beams, all bright and weird,  
 In silver sheen superbly drest,  
 Towering above Innitou's breast ;  
 When Tom, a jolly, whole-souled fellow,  
 Who sometimes got a little mellow,  
 Returning from the husking, where  
 He'd danced and sang, found red ears there  
 Of corn, and forfeits took and paid,  
 Eat beans, squash pie, and marmalade,  
 And drank from out a wooden noggin,  
 Cider that set his head a-joggin',  
 He heard upon the mountain's side  
 Such dulcet tones no man beside  
 E'er heard from violin I ween ;  
 They lured him on, he peered between  
 The trees and brush, till quick as light,  
 A brilliant scene burst on his sight ;  
 A ring was formed, the dancers gay  
 In jig and reel so whirled away,  
 That Tom, who itched to take a part,  
 And was not backward at a lark,  
 Seized by the hand a witching lass,  
 With coal black eyes, whose glance, alas !  
 No mortal could unscathed, sustain,  
 And jumped into the ring amain.  
 His feet around like drumsticks flew,  
 His partner's followed his ditto,  
 So toe to heel, and heel to toe,  
 Like lightning round the ring they go.  
 The violin did quicker play,  
 The dancers footed it away  
 At livelier pace, more rapid go,

Till Tom at last he came to know,  
 That he with fiends, with *Hecate*,  
 Was dancing, sure to beaten be.  
 " Oh God ! Save me ! " he cried, and lo !  
 The fiend's own form appeared to view.  
 Her face grew black, those lovely eyes,  
 Had changed to demon's, and the prize  
 That seemed so sure to be her own,  
 Just 'scaped her grip, by aid alone  
 Of higher power Tom had invoked,  
 And fiends and all, vanished in smoke.

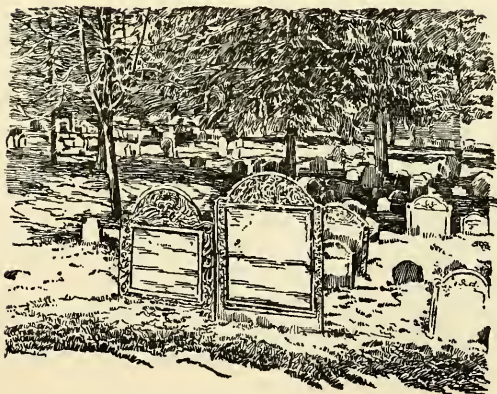
## CANTO III.

Next morning's sun rose bright and clear,  
 The woods were search'd o'er, far and near  
 Poor Tom to find. At last his form  
 Was found stretched out, his clothes all torn,  
 His hair was singed, his shoes were gone,  
 His jackknife still, of all alone,  
 Remained untouched, and on its blade  
 Was shown, both sides, in black, 'tis said,  
 A picture of Hecate's face,  
 His partner in that fearful race ;  
 On one side as a lassie trim,  
 On the reverse as demon grim,  
 And from that hour no human art,  
 Could change or alter any part,  
 No file or acid, ever made,  
 Would touch the steel of that charmed blade.  
 So it remained intact and bright,  
 A souv'nir of that awful night,  
 When evil powers, (some said 'twas rum),  
 Conspired to kill poor Thomas Dunn.

## CANTO IV.

Poor Tom was taken home that day,  
 A fever wasted him away  
 To skin and bones ; but that Great Power,  
 Who watches through each silent hour,  
 And weaves our webs of human life  
 Unknown to us, through many a strife,  
 Into his instruments for good,

Had so decreed that poor Tom should,  
 Through grace divine, and wise gift free,  
 Recover, and example be,  
 To warn all others to abstain  
 From all excess that causes pain;  
 Especially to do no evil,  
 Nor dance, nor consort with the D—1.  
 So Tom got well; how changed his life!  
 And first he took himself a wife,  
 To hold him fast in virtue's way,  
 And guard his path from day to day.  
 Of good sound deeds his life was made,  
 He drank no rum, sipped lemonade,  
 And when in sanctity he died,  
 All stood around his bier and cried,  
 "The good can only perfect be  
 "Through trials sore, that such as he  
 "Endured, and after stood the test,  
 "So his reward is heavenly rest."  
 The legend's told, as down 't has come,  
 In memory of Thomas Dunn.



SCENE IN FIRST BURYING GROUND, PARK STREET.

# THE SMILE OF MANITOU.

A LEGEND OF

LAKE INNITOU, WOBURN.



## APOSTROPHE.

I stand and gaze. Reflected blue,  
    Oh Innitou,  
    From Heaven above illumines thy wave.  
Thou art dear to me, and I now for thee,  
    Above all, admiration do crave.

On thy fair breast, amid the hue,  
    Oh Innitou,  
    Of thine own waves, an island gem  
Lies cradled in the shade of mountains gray with age,  
    Fit jewels for thy diadem.

The "Looking-Glass" of Manitou,  
    Oh Innitou,  
    Thou wert, when dark skinned Indian daughters  
O'er thy mirrored face, bent with savage grace,  
    To admire their charms in thy waters.

E'en as I stand, and gaze on you,  
    Oh Innitou,  
    Will all to come, admire to view,  
Thou sungilt liquid gem; thou favorite haunt of men,  
    Eternal gift from Manitou.



## PROLOGUE.

Through the dim vista of departed years,  
O'er Time's long misty track, traditions old  
Have come from sire to son, repeated oft  
At Indian camps, through lack of other means



LAKE INNITOU FROM MT. MIANOMO.





Of transit, like our modern print or pen  
 To make a record, keep the tales alive,  
 Stories of the past ; of the early days  
 When our fair city was a wilderness,  
 Where hordes of prowling panthers, bears and wolves,  
 Sought prey ; and where the Red Man roamed the wood  
 With weapons rude, to fight these savage beasts  
 For food, for mastery, and to fish in  
 The still waters. When Innitou herself  
 Lay flashing bright, in all her pristine charms,  
 Surrounded by the same eternal hills,  
 That now, like vassals tall of some great queen,  
 Stand waiting, guarding her lovely presence.  
 The Legend comes, to tell how Manitou  
 Did Wabisi create. An island gem  
 Set in the bosom of sweet Innitou,  
 Herself the Looking-Glass of Manitou,  
 The Looking Place of squaws and modern belles,  
 Itself, the beauty that adorns her face ;  
 And how it happened, thus the story runs.

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#### THE LEGEND.



IN times now long past, and buried in the tomb of the ages, Lake Innitou (Horn Pond) was a clear, unbroken sheet of water from Town Corner to Pierce's Cove. No island rose above its silver waves ; no shallows touched the paddle ; but the wild swan, the loon and the white canoe of the Indian skimmed its surface without obstruction, save only the waves, which, in the "day of storms," agitated its bosom. The one thing necessary to complete its beauty lay hidden in the mists of the distant future.

The Aborigines believed in a multitude of spirits, to whom, through their "Medicine Men," they offered sacrifices; and fetich worship was common. They recognized a Great Spirit, it is true, but then every mountain and hill had its lesser Gods, every startling natural phenomenon its ruling spirit, some good, some bad, all of which were powerful, and had to be appeased, while every sight and sound in nature was of good or evil omen, according to its cheerful or mournful aspect. The flights of birds were mostly among the good signs. The jump of a fish pleased their eyes, the songs of the feathered warblers, their ears; but the owls were birds of evil repute, their hootings being heard with forebodings; the howl of the wolf on the hills presaged mischief; while the "Medicine Men" performed their savage rites to forward the good or to avert disaster.

Manitou, the Great Spirit, saw their wickedness, and determined to bring them to a true worship of himself. The savages soon observed a change in their condition. The hunt was not successful. Disease stalked abroad. The sacrifices and superstitious ceremonies brought nothing but the opposite from what was intended. The Indians growing more and more distressed, the "Medicine Men" redoubled their exertions. They prayed to all the spirits, their incantations and mysterious sorceries were incessant, but still matters grew worse. Innitou appeared dark and troubled; its waters were in a constant state of agitation. Occasionally at night strange sounds were heard from the top of Mianomo (Rag Rock), while ever and

anon flashes of light appeared on the crest of Towanda (Horn Pond Mountain) ; but still, the truth did not enlighten the dark minds of the savages.

One night, as Wakima, Chief of the tribe, lay in his wigwam asleep, dreaming of the distress of his people, his breathing grew difficult and awaked him, when, partly rising and turning his head, he saw through the forest a bright light coming over the lake, which, as it neared the shore, disclosed a canoe of wonderful workmanship, in which a being of more than mortal beauty, all resplendent with light, was swiftly carried, without the aid of paddle, to the shore. The Spirit, for such it was, landed and advanced in full view of the Chief, up the hill to the wigwam, which having entered, he thus addressed Wakima :

“ Listen to my words, oh Chief ! Are you so blind that you cannot see with your usual sagacity ? Can absolute power be divided ? Can inferior powers contend with Manitou ? Can there be more than one head Chief to a tribe, to whom all must look for guidance and relief ? Can wisdom come from petty sources ? Can perfect results be the result of conflicting powers ? Can worship of animals and inanimate objects produce divine blessings ? Where then can you look for help and happiness except from Manitou, the ruler and controller of creation, for none can stand against him ? The ‘ Happy Hunting Grounds ’ are his, and in his hand he holds the destinies of all. Cease, then, your senseless incantations, rites and false worship ; direct your petitions to Manitou, and him only, and then, and not till then, will your young braves be strong and

successful ; your young squaws grow up beautiful and happy ; the game abound on the hills, and the fair bosom of Innitou, with the tops of Mianomo and Towanda, cease to be troubled, and prosperity return to your tribe. Do this ! Direct your people in the right path, and when you see by the results, that you worship aright, assemble the tribe in canoes on the lake, and the Great Spirit will give you a sign of his approval, which will forever remain as a record of the event, a perpetual reminder of your duty, and of his covenant with you."

The Spirit ceased, and Wakima started up, but his celestial visitor had disappeared, while nothing could be seen or heard, except the young moon, just setting in the west, and the dull thud of the waves as they leaped ashore on the edge of the lake.

The Chieftain at first inclined to regard it as an evil omen ; but after having had the same vision, and heard the same words, for three nights in succession, and having on the third night, with many others, seen his heavenly visitor enter his canoe, pass swiftly over the lake in a halo of light to where the island now is, where stopping, a beautiful white swan as brilliant as the sun, suddenly appeared on the surface, saluted him by bowing its head and then disappearing, after which nothing but the glint of the setting moon was visible on the waters, the conviction came that the vision was a reality, and the change imperative.

Morning came ; the whole seemed like a dream ; but the remembrance of the radiance of the spirit, his words, the appearance of the swan and its homage,

were all too deeply engraved on their minds to be effaced or disregarded. Their Medicine Men could not explain it, nor answer the words that had been uttered, so they all bowed to the new teachings they had received, and worshiped accordingly.

Prosperity returned. Their young braves and squaws grew up strong and beautiful. The hunt was successful. The strange sights and sounds ceased, and Innitou once more looked lovely in her silvery beauty.

Wakima knew by the results that they now worshiped acceptably, so, remembering the words of the Spirit, he one night in the "Flower month," when the full moon shed her soft radiance over the fair face of nature, assembled the whole tribe in their canoes on the lake. As they started from the shore, a light deep beneath the water, more brilliant than the moon, seemed to invite a nearer approach. Instinctively, by degrees, the canoes arranged themselves in a large circle around the radiance, which gradually increased, till the rays of the moon paled before its intensity. The astonished savages gazed in awe. Slowly the light approached the surface, and, rising above the waters, disclosed once more the heavenly vision of the swan on the bosom of the lake. The enormous bird slowly expanded its gorgeous wings of light, till they covered the whole circle of canoes. As the awe-stricken Indians bent their heads in silence, the wings slowly closed, the swan settled in the waters, the light below faded by degrees, the effulgence of the moon resumed its sway, while by its light, on raising their

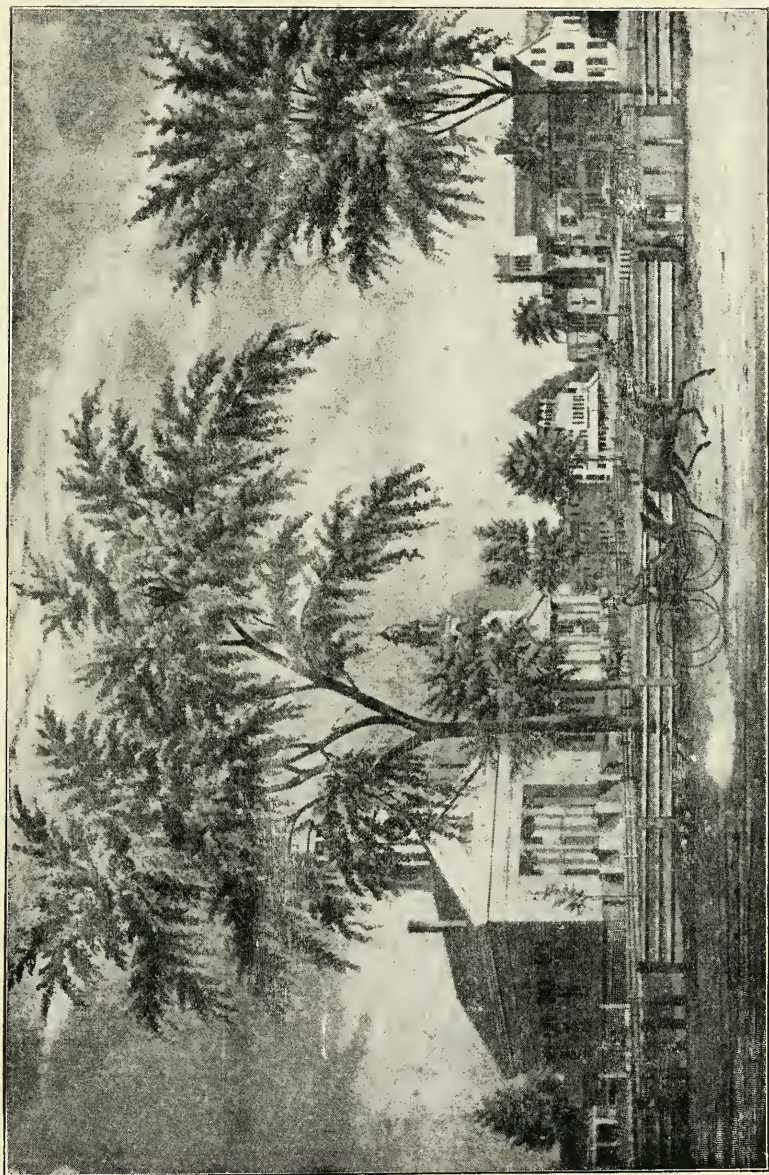
heads, they saw a large dark body rise where the swan had disappeared, and rest on the surface. The bewildered gazers, dazed by the wonders they had witnessed, paddled to the shore with the stillness of death, and retired to their wigwams for the night.

When morning came, the advancing light disclosed to view an island fair to see. It was the "Smile of Manitou" incarnated on the waters; the permanent visible sign of the Great Spirit approving their worship. So the Indians named it "Wabisi" (the swan), in grateful remembrance of the event. And there it rests to-day, a perpetual reminder of the event, and of Manitou; the one finishing touch of Superior Power, which completed the beauty of our lovely Lake Innitou.

The legend ends by affirming that where the two legs of the swan rested, two bars were formed, one on the north, and the other on the west; while to the south of the island, the head was turned to stone near the surface, which spot is well known to all fishermen as a sharp, round point coming near the top from deep water. And there they all remain to this day.







WOBURN CENTRE IN 1852, FROM THE OLD TOWN HALL.

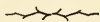




# LAST YEAR'S BALANCE.

A DREAM IN A

WOBURN LIQUOR SALOON.



IT was the last day of the year, and Mr. Agnew, who kept a licensed liquor saloon, had just closed his place of business for the night.

He sold all sorts of liquors—rum, gin, brandy, whiskey, lager beer, ale, and a novel kind of his own composition called “Stickle,” for which he charged an extra price. A part of these liquors he sold at wholesale to numerous secret unlicensed dealers; and a part he retailed over his own bar, on all of which he realized a profit of at least seventy-five per cent.

All of his assistants had been released for the night except his errand boy, Phil Meyer, and his fat book-keeper, Tim Slyer.

Phil was engaged in putting the various bottles in place, and cleaning the floor, bar, chairs, etc., as well as a cold and drowsy boy could do at eleven o'clock at night.

Slyer was in the meantime busily engaged at his

desk in the Counting Room, running columns of figures up and down in a tall ledger, until Phil thought he had gone mad, and would keep him there all night.

At length at half past eleven o'clock, Slyer suddenly exclaimed "All done, Sir." Phil started with a bounce, for he was half asleep, tipping over a bottle as he regained his equilibrium.

"What's the result. Tim?" said Mr. Agnew. "After making allowance for bad debts, expenses, fines and costs paid for some of our drunks and sub-dealers, I find a balance for the year to your credit of five thousand three hundred and ninety-one dollars and ten cents." "Fair; quite fair;" said Mr. Agnew rubbing his hands. "Tremendous," thought Phil. "That will do for to-night. Put up the books," said the proprietor. "Amen," piped Phil, and as the books went slap-slap into the safe, Phil felt the blood tingling in his fingers and toes, so suddenly was the circulation quickened by the prospect of being released from drudgery for the night.

"Come up stairs, Slyer," said Mr. Agnew, "it wants only a quarter to twelve; we must see the old year out, and the new one in. Phil, you may go now." "Thanks," said Phil, as he grabbed his old cap and mittens. "Phil?" "Well, Sir." "Stop a moment in the Counting Room. I may need you." Phil sighed as he thought of his mother sleepily knitting over her poor fire waiting for him, and wished himself at home, snugly stowed away for the rest of the night, in his little bed under the eaves. He seated

himself in a stuffed chair before the comfortable coal fire, and as the genial heat began to drive the cold from his chilled toes and shivering back, he fell into a reverie. "Dear me, only 'think on't. Over five thousand dollars clear gain, made by Mr Agnew in one year, while I, poor Phil, get only three dollars and fifty cents a week, to take care of my poor mother and myself, so nothing is left for me at the year's end, but just enough to buy my dear mother the few comforts which are in that little white package yonder." Just at that moment he thought he heard the word "Phil" pronounced in a low soft whisper, and looking round, he espied Dolly the maid, at the door, with something smoking hot, in a tumbler, in her hand. "Why, Dolly! how you frightened me; What's the matter?" "Hush, keep quiet; I thought of you, cold and sleepy, so brought you down a drop of egg-nog which I retained out of some I made for Master, Mistress, and Mr. Slyer, who are toasting their shins, and making merry over a hot coal fire in the sitting room above." "Thanks" said Phil. "It was very kind of you to think of a poor lonely boy like me. I shall not forget it." Phil took the tumbler, and as he sniffed, he thought he had never smelled anything so nice in all his life, while Dolly suddenly disappeared as the bell rang for her. Phil sipped and sniffed, and sniffed and sipped, till his eyes began to twinkle, and he could feel the cold stealing out through the various rents in his clothes, and the holes in the toes of his shoes and stockings, till at last, with one great shiver, the remnants of it ran up his back and escaped through

a tear in the back of his jacket, so that he felt like a piece of bread toasted all over.

"Well," thought Phil, "if I was Mr. Agnew, and had all his riches, I'd have hot egg-nog three times a day with plenty of sweetening in it too; even if eggs were forty cents a dozen. Dear me; what a lot of egg-nog and other goodies are locked up in yonder safe, and nobody allowed to have them: but, ah me! what is locked up there is taken away from the poor drunkards and their wives and children who ought to have it for their own use, instead of Mr. Agnew;" and Phil sniffed and sipped, till by the time the tumbler was empty, the fire and the tippie had become too much for him, so he dozed off into a sound sleep and began to dream.

Soon a door creaked, when in came Slyer, who went to the safe, took out the ledgers, got on to his stool, and opened them to show Phil the names of the customers, the numerous charges for rum, whiskey, ale, etc., bought by each; and as he looked, he saw Slyer changing the sixes into nines; the ciphers shot up on one side under his nimble fingers till they became sixes; and even the little despicable ones split themselves, and became portly elevens, and so he went on from book to book till Phil could stand it no longer, so he shouted, "There'll be a row here in the morning." "How so?" said Slyer. "Why, master will find out all about it, and discharge you for dishonesty."

"Tut, tut, boy, keep quiet! Master'll do nothing of the kind. He knows I do it. It's part of the

business. In fact, he'd discharge me if I didn't do it. Now you see where part of the profits come from. Why, that very egg-nog you drank, had mixed up with it some of those altered ciphers, ones and sixes ; indeed it tastes all the sweeter when it costs nothing. 'Let those who dance, pay the fiddler,' or to paraphrase the quotation to suit this case, 'Let those who drink, pay the fuddler.'

"Humbug pays the best, especially if you tickle with a feather, and cover up the eyes of the ticklee at the same time. Please a person, and he'll not scan your bill very hard. Do you understand, eh?" and Slyer gave Phil a dig under the ribs that nearly knocked him over. Then he went on to show him the accounts. Here were several where every week certain assortments of liquors were sent to all parts of the city, to be retailed by those who had no licenses ; here were others whom Phil knew, whose families were in great want ; still others who had not paid even their poll taxes ; and some who were often up before the Court for drunkenness and fighting ; and as he gazed and wondered, he heard the rattle of glass, and to his still greater astonishment all the bottles on the shelves behind the bar leaped down and arranged themselves on the long counter like the chorus at the opera ; the corks all flew out with loud bangs, while up from each, popped the head of a little imp as black as the ace of spades, and all began to sing the following song, to which all the schooners, whiskey glasses and tumblers in the establishment jingled together to keep time to the music :

"Clink, clank, fine old tune,  
The sun's drank down, drink down the moon,  
Pay, swig, reel, all come,  
Jolly companions every one.

Beer, rum, lager, gin,  
Buy lemonade, the stick's thrown in,  
Treat, swill, swill, all treat,  
You're not drunk if you keep your feet.

Whiskey, fine Islay,  
Agnew'll grow rich on what you pay;  
Drink, soak, fight and swear,  
He'll have the clothes you ought to wear."

And as Phil gazed, he saw coming in at one door and going out at another, all marching to the music, a motley crowd of drunkards, women with ragged, dirty, pale-faced children with naked feet; men with bloody noses, and some with almost no nose at all; some with their heads tied up, and others with their clothes half torn off; as they marched by, he noticed they all left some money on the bar, and the pieces of money all turned themselves into ciphers, sixes, nines, ones, at the same time keeping step to the music, while the air was filled with profanity, groans and curses, till all of a sudden the whole disappeared, when a private door opened, and in came Slyer, who, stepping up to Phil said, "Well, Phil, have you seen enough of 'Last year's balance,' how it is made up, and of what it is composed? Do you think Agnew is to be envied for what he has made in the way you have seen? Do you wish to change your home with your mother, and your little bed under the eaves, and your small pay, for what Agnew enjoys with his wealth gained in such a manner?" "No! No!" gasped



Phil, "I do not. Let me leave this horrid place at once and go where there is peace, and where the sounds of profanity and drunkenness will not reach me." "Well," said Slyer, "Phil, be a good boy; don't envy a man his wealth till you know how he gets it. Wiser folks than you grow dissatisfied with a comfortable living because some one else has a better, while if they only knew how filthy the money was that paid for it, they would vastly prefer their own plainer fare eaten with a clear conscience. Good night, Phil, and don't forget the 'Last Year's Balance.'"

Slyer ceased and disappeared, while Phil reached out his hand once more for his cap and mittens, when a sudden crash aroused him from his sleep, and he found he had dropped the tumbler on to the stove, and the clock was just striking two.

Phil hastened home; after kissing his mother and giving her the white package, he stowed himself snugly in his little bed under the eaves, and awoke in the morning never again to enter the place where he had seen the vision. Phil now is Philip Meyer, Esquire, a highly respected merchant of Boston, well known to people in this city, who enjoys himself with a clear conscience on his honestly acquired wealth, and occasionally tells his strange dream to his friends, but never has he since that night drank egg-nog.

## POST OFFICE LEGENDS.

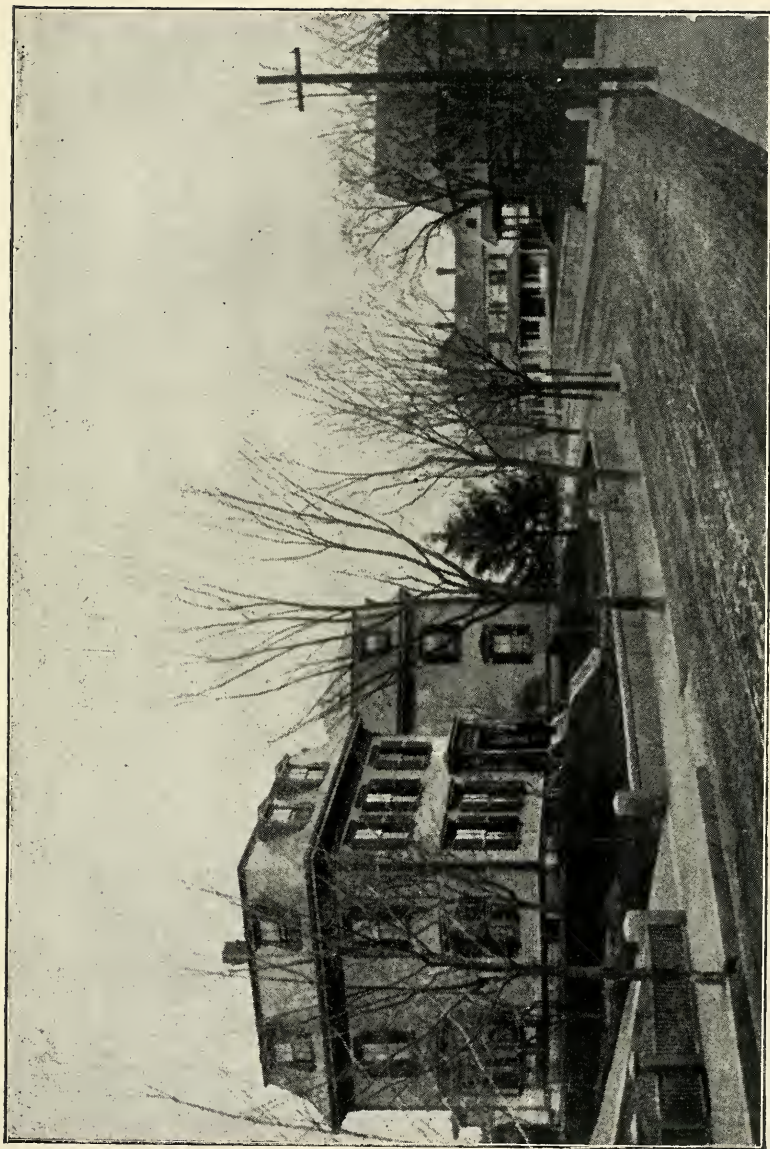


THE Post Office, in some form, has existed in this country from its earliest settlement. At first, letters were sent by private hands to some house in each town by common consent, and taken from there, or sent by neighbors or travellers to their destination.

The first laws in relation to the matter, were passed by the General Court of Massachusetts in 1639, which provided "that notice be given that Richard Fairbanks, his house in Boston, is the place appointed for all letters which are brought beyond the seas, or all to be sent thither, to be left with him ; and he is to take care that they are to be delivered or sent, according to directions ; and he is allowed for every letter a penny, and must answer all miscarriages through his own neglect in this kind."

By degrees, the postal service was established between the several Colonies. In 1672 there was a post to go monthly from New York to Boston. In 1710 the postal service of the British Empire was centered in one establishment, the chief offices being Edinburg, Dublin and New York.

The Continental Congress early established post routes and offices from Falmouth, Maine, to Savannah,



SALEM STREET IN 1892, FROM MAIN STREET



Georgia, the principal towns having offices, but it was not till the year 1789 that the office of Post Master General was created by Act of Congress, Benjamin Franklin being the first appointee. In 1794 the General Post Office was established with headquarters at Philadelphia, and which by Act of March 2, 1799, was transferred permanently to Washington.

In the year 1797 there stood where now stands the residence of Griffin Place, Esq., on the easterly side of Main street, a little south of Central Square, in Woburn, a Public House then familiarly known as "Bud Parker's Tavern;" later known as "Glover's Tavern," etc.; and more recently as the "Mishawum House," the main building of which has since been moved to, and is now standing on, the northerly side of Kilby street, being the second dwelling house on that side, from Main street. In the northwesterly front room of that building was located the first United States Post Office in Woburn. The room contained a semi-circular bar in one corner, within which bar stood a small stand-up writing desk with one drawer, three pigeon holes and three little drawers inside, together with a small space for general purposes, that desk being the only receptacle for all postal matter and book of accounts, from October 1797 to October 1810.

The first commission to a Post Master for a U. S. Post Office in Woburn under the General Post Office Act, was issued October 3d, 1797, to Ichabod Parker, (grandfather of the writer), of which the following is a copy :

"JOSEPH HABERSHAM, POST MASTER GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

*To all who shall see these presents,*

GREETING:

Know ye, that confiding in the Integrity, Ability and Punctuality of Ichabod Parker of Woburn, in the State of Massachusetts, I do appoint him a Deputy Post Master, and authorize him to execute the Duties of that office at Woburn aforesaid, according to the Laws of the United States, and such Regulations conformable thereto, as he shall receive from me;

To hold the said office of Deputy Post Master, with all the Powers, Privileges and Emoluments to the same belonging, during the Pleasure of the Post Master General of the United States, for the Time being.

In Testimony whereof I have hereunto set my Hand, and caused the Seal of my office to be affixed, at Philadelphia, the third Day of October, in the year of our Lord One Thousand Seven Hundred and Ninety-Seven, and the Independence of the United States, the Twenty-Second.

{ L.S. }

JOS. HABERSHAM."

The seal has a figure of Mercury (messenger of Jupiter) with winged cap and winged shoes, while in his right hand is the Caduceus or winged rod entwined with serpents according to ancient mythology, indicative of the character of the department as a rapid messenger.

For the thirteen years from October 11, 1797, to October 1, 1810, the total net receipts were \$293, or on an average about \$22.54 per year; indeed, in the six months from October 1, 1799 to April 1, 1800, only ninety-three cents were received; while the largest net receipts in any single six months in the whole period, viz: from July 1, 1805, to January 1, 1806, amounted to only \$20.98. I append a copy of the whole account.

ICHAUD. PARKER, Postmr. at Woburn, Mas.

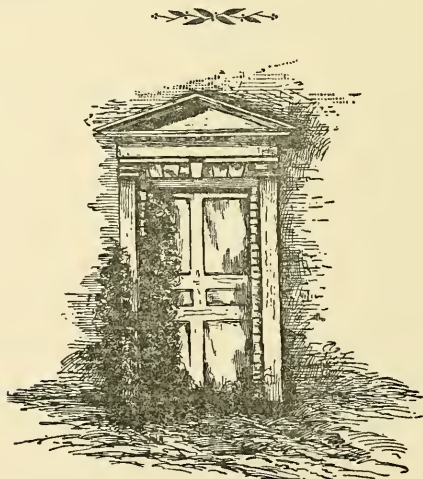
In account with the General Post Office :

DR.	CR.
To bal. of accts. from	
Oct. 11, 1797, to April 1, 1798,	\$ 2 82
April 1 to Dec. 31, 1798,	6 83
January 1 to April 1, 1799,	1 82
April 1 to October 1, 1799,	4 05
Oct. 1, 1799, to April 1, 1800,	93
April 1 to Oct. 1, 1800,	6 97
Oct. 1, 1800, to April 1, 1801,	4 58
April 1 to Oct. 1, 1801,	7 44
Oct. 1, 1801, to April 1, 1802,	4 43
April 1 to Oct. 1, 1802,	8 17
Oct. 1 to Dec. 31, 1802,	6 37
January 1 to April 1, 1803,	5 30
April 1 to July 1, 1803,	9 16
July 1 to Oct. 1, 1803,	8 82
Oct. 1 to Dec. 31, 1803,	5 64
January 1 to April 1, 1804,	7 69
April 1 to July 1, 1804,	8 71
July 1 to Oct. 1, 1804,	7 20
Oct. 1 to Dec. 31, 1804,	8 04
January 1 to April 1, 1805,	7 57
April 1 to July 1, 1805,	11 28
July 1 to Oct. 1, 1805,	8 51
Oct. 1 to Dec. 31, 1805,	12 47
January 1 to April 1, 1806,	8 55
April 1 to July 1, 1806,	9 05
July 1 to Oct. 1, 1806,	10 07
Oct. 1 to Dec. 31, 1806,	8 15
January 1 to April 1, 1807,	7 21
April 1 to July 1, 1807,	4 28
July 1 to Oct. 1, 1807,	6 00
Oct. 1 to Dec. 31, 1807,	6 71
January 1 to April 1, 1808,	5 12
April 1 to July 1, 1808,	6 71
July 1 to Oct. 1, 1808,	7 79
Oct. 1 to Dec. 31, 1808,	4 50
January 1 to April 1, 1809,	4 63
April 1 to July 1, 1809,	5 36
July 1 to Oct. 1, 1809,	8 59
Oct. 1 to Dec. 31, 1809,	8 89
January 1 to April 1, 1810,	7 80
April 1 to July 1, 1810,	8 37
July 1 to Oct. 1, 1810,	10 42
\$ 293 00	\$ 293 00

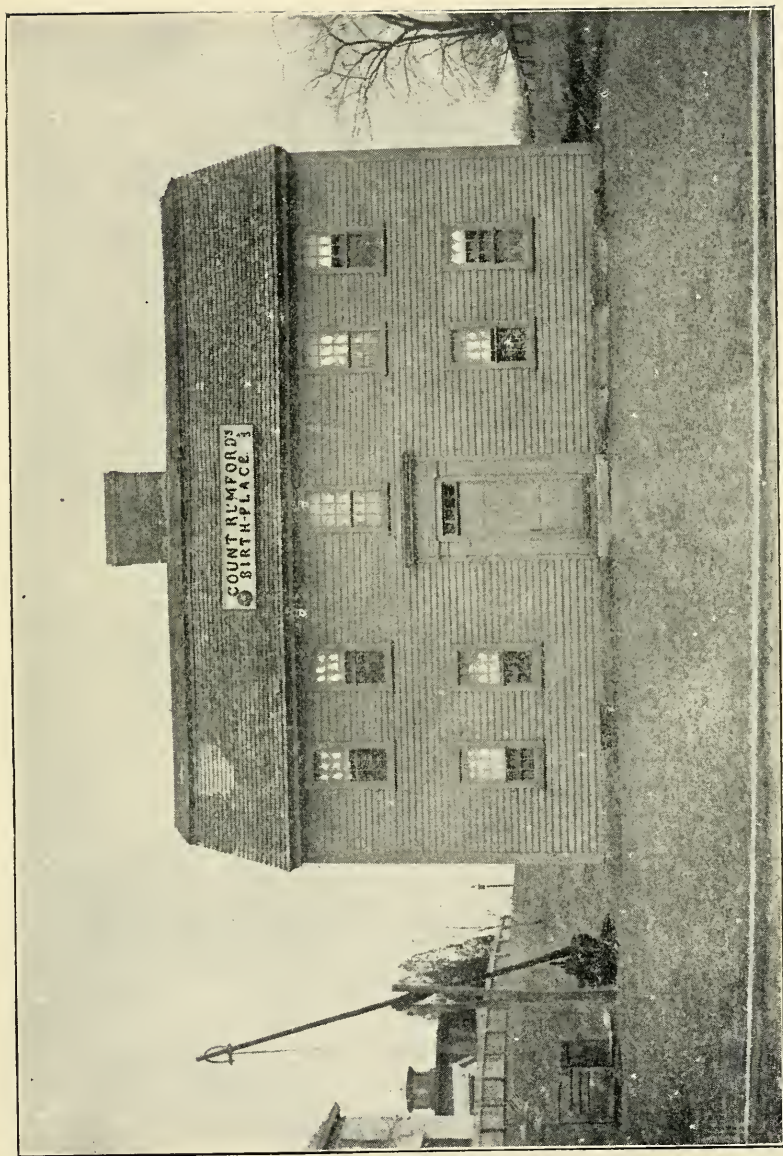


The above-named Post Office desk, the commission itself, and the original account, are preserved in the Woburn Public Library.

The rates established by law for letters at that time were as follows, viz: 30 miles and under, 6 cents; over 30 and not exceeding 60 miles, 8 cents; between 60 and 100 miles, 10 cents; between 100 and 150 miles, 12 cents; between 150 and 200 miles, 15 cents; between 200 and 250 miles, 17 cents; between 250 and 350 miles, 20 cents; between 350 and 450 miles, 22 cents; over 450 miles, 25 cents; under which charges but few letters were sent by mail, but were largely sent by private conveyance, which the department vainly endeavored to prevent; in fact, these high rates, with comparatively little money among the people, almost amounted to a prohibition of correspondence.



NORTH SIDE DOOR OF OLD WHEELER (BLODGETT) HOUSE, NO. WOBURN.



BIRTHPLACE OF BENJAMIN THOMPSON, (COUNT RUMFORD) NORTH WOBURN. BUILT ABOUT 1714.



# THE MYSTERIOUS BURGLAR.

A LEGEND OF THE

“BLACK HOUSE.”



WAY back in the latter part of the last century there stood, and until within a comparatively few years still stood, on the site of the homestead of the late John R. Kimball, Esq., Main street, above Central Square, in Woburn, a house always known by the name of the “Black House” on account of its color, which, at the time first named, was occupied by Joseph Bartlett, Esq.

Bartlett was an eccentric and talented lawyer, much given to saying and doing uncommon things, cracking jokes, etc., and so fertile in resources was he, that he often gained difficult cases, which people said he won only by the assistance of a certain mysterious old gentleman in black, who always acted with him as invisible Senior Counsel.

Let that be as it may, he had just won a suit which it seemed almost impossible to gain, where a large lot of cloth, clothing and especially pantaloons, were at stake, and had pocketed the money for his client.

Now it so happened, that a fellow who had knowledge of his having the money, conceived the idea of breaking in and stealing the *rhino*, so that night he proceeded to the rear of the house and began operations by prying open a window, which having done, he entered, but hearing a noise of footsteps on the back stairs, accompanied by snorting, groaning and scratching, as if some unearthly being was coming, he jumped out of the window and retreated to a safe distance; but what was his astonishment, when he perceived issuing from the back door, a gigantic ghost (so it seemed to him) in white, with immense black wings, by the aid of which it rapidly flew toward him. Terrified beyond measure, with a howl he fled, leaving his tools behind him.

Sometime after, a merry party returning on foot late at night from the "Centre" Village to "New Bridge," saw the same ghost at the front of the house apparently in the air, its great black wings carrying it rapidly to the rear of the mansion, while several of the party declared they distinctly saw three smaller ones higher up following after.

The next day all Woburn was in a ferment, and all sorts of stories prevailed. The house had been entered by burglars, the marks of whose "kit" could be seen on the back window. Four pairs of Bartlett's pants had been stolen therefrom on different nights, with lots of other property, and it must have been done by experts, as the pants each time had been taken from his own chamber, in fact from right under his very nose, without waking him; and stranger still, the

door was bolted inside when he awoke in the morning, and the windows were all fast. Ghosts had repeatedly been seen in and about the house; or perhaps they were the thieves themselves dressed up for effect; and yet that could not be, for the ghosts had large black wings and flew in the air. Horrible noises according to popular rumor had been heard, and streams of fire had been seen issuing from the attic windows; in fact, some even went so far as to say, with a knowing wink, that Bartlett had been engaged in some questionable transactions, and the cause of all this was, that the "Old Scratch" himself had been there advising him how to act in order to be successful in some tough suits in which he was counsel, and especially, that he had assisted him in his late suit about the clothing.

In the meantime, Bartlett himself had really had a strange experience inside the house, for on awakening one morning, he discovered that his pants were gone, while the rest of his clothing remained untouched, there being no evidence that his room or the building had been entered by any one, but the affair soon ceased to be talked about, till one morning a week later, when another pair had mysteriously disappeared.

Bartlett now put a bolt on the inside of his chamber door, and a bell at each window, in such a manner that the least movement would cause a bell to ring, but notwithstanding all these precautions, still another pair of his unmentionables went the way of the rest, and yet the door remained bolted, and the bells did not ring.

Bartlett, now thoroughly astonished at the audacity



and adroitness of the thief, determined at all hazards and expense to ferret out the mystery and capture the rascal, so he hired a man to sit all night in the closet of his room with the door open, armed with a gun, and watch ; when a little past midnight, just as the man was getting dozy, of a sudden he saw the dreaded ghost with his great black wings in the chamber, when he dropped his gun, and with a bound or two cleared the space between himself and the door, which he unbolted, escaped from the house as quick as possible, almost scared to death at the sight of so terrible a figure. The next morning the fourth pair of pantaloons could not be found, but the door was bolted and everything else was right, except that the watchman was *non est inventus*.

Bartlett was now at his wit's end, but after taking the matter into serious consideration, he, like a sensible man, concluded that there must be a reasonable explanation to the affair, however dark and blind it might then seem. So he procured the services of a thoroughly cool and steady man of good judgment, to come and occupy the place in the closet. On the first and second nights nothing occurred, but on the third, soon after midnight, the watch saw Bartlett himself slowly and quietly get up, go in his night shirt to the chair on which his clothing lay, take his pants therefrom and place them around his neck with the legs dangling on either side, then proceed to the door which he unbolted, then down stairs, out of the back door, to the haystack in the yard, where, having dug a hole therein, he deposited the pants, replaced the



hay, and returned to his chamber, preceded by his watcher, when, having bolted the door, he went to bed, and was soon executing a bass solo in A flat, much to the amusement of his employe, who felt a great satisfaction in having successfully performed his duty, and discovered the thief.

Bartlett, on being awakened, much commended his watcher, and laughed heartily at the story he related to him, and how he had acted in his state of somnambulism. The next morning the haystack was searched, and all five pairs of pantaloons were found snugly stowed therein. The story soon spread abroad, and for many years "Bartlett's pants" was a standing joke. Bartlett himself, being fond of good stories, even if told at his own expense, and withal a good poet, composed some lines suited to the occasion, which were as follows :

BARTLETT, HIS GHOST AND THE BURGLAR.

A ghost I was, and yet alive ;  
 From me, my ghost good breeches five  
 Did steal and purloin in the night.  
 Yet stay ! reflect ! Can that be right ?  
 Can one's own ghost, from its own body  
 Steal their own pants ? it surely can't be.  
 Not so ! we both, my ghost and I,  
 Together, each not knowing why,  
 Did take our own, we had the rights,  
 No larceny occurred those nights.  
 Yet good from unseen sources springs,  
 And aid may come from ghosts with wings.  
 So in my sleep, a helpless elf,  
 Unknown to me, I helped myself.  
 But for *my ghost*, that burglar vile,  
 Had surely captured all my pile ;  
 So I rejoice, break into verse,  
 And thank the Lord it is no worse.

# THE HAUNTED INN.

A LEGEND OF THE

FOWLE TAVERN, WOBURN CENTRE.



Whence and what art thou, execrable shape?

—*Milton.*



THE incidents which form the staple of the legend given below, made quite a sensation among superstitious persons at the time.

The old tavern itself, which stood where the Central House now stands, was a dark, ghostly looking structure, with its quaint, low rooms, and its long barn-like two-story shed, running out from the house, about where the stables now are. This shed was open beneath, for the accommodation of teams, while overhead, was a long, dismal, unfinished loft, with places left for windows, loosely boarded up, where doves roosted in large numbers.

On the street in front, were three large trees, an elm and two willows, (removed some years since), with troughs for horses beneath.

There were no buildings other than the tavern itself, on that side of the street, from those of Colone



SHAKER GLEN. WATER VIEW.



John Wade to the "Sawyer House," now occupied by Thomas Salmon, Esq., as a store, although the town had a cattle pound under the hill.

On the opposite side of Main street there were then no buildings between Walnut street (then a mere bridle path, with a little piece of walled ground, containing apple trees, on its north side), and the John Fowle house at the corner of Union street, except two large barns belonging to the tavern, one of which stood on a little hill, about where the Mechanics Building now stands; and the other, to the north of it, standing side to the street, with large doors at either end.

Mr. Potter mentioned in the legend was a very popular travelling *presdigitateur* and ventriloquist; but, after the discovery of the ghosts by him, he was looked upon by ignorant people as having supernatural power, and his performances were even more patronized than before, although it was observed that some folks then seemed to be afraid of him.

#### THE LEGEND.

In days now long ago, some sixty years ago,  
There stood, just where the "Central House" now stands,  
A tavern, kept by Marshall Fowle, of mem'ry green,  
At which the incidents occurred, which form my theme.

Right in the street, in front, an ancient elm stood,  
And willows two, of monstrous size, with branches wide,  
'Tween which were troughs where country swain and maid  
Fed their tired horses in the leafy shade.

But when the wintry winds, or spring and autumn rains,  
Drove man and beast, some friendly nook to seek  
For shelter, a long shed, with racks and open space  
Beneath, furnished, at southern end, the place.

The long unfinished loft above, afforded room  
 For doves to roost, while every now and then an owl  
 With noiseless wing, and dismal hungry hoot,  
 Visited the Colony of doves, the squabs to loot.

Like many other country inns, this old one had,  
 Next to the shed, an extra room, where finer guests  
 Were lodged in statelier shape, but this, because  
 Of rattling chains, and ghostly groans, deserted was.

In fact, the bravest held their breath, in terror dumb,  
 When clanking sounds, with sobs and moans, drove sleep away.  
 For months had Marshall tried the cause to ascertain,  
 And scare or drive the ghost away, but all in vain.

At last, one winter day, a man of high renown,  
 Potter, ventriloquist, magician fine, well  
 Known to all the country round, came with his kit  
 To gull the crowd with magic feats, their cash to get.

The house was full ; all but the ghost haunted room.  
 None other offered. Potter so told, accepted  
 The dread trial, hoping by *hocus pocus*,  
 To find and scare the ghost from his old *locus*.

To bed he went. The wintry winds blew fiercely  
 Cold. The moans and groans pervaded all the room,  
 But Potter, used to notice tricks, and study cause,  
 Set his keen wits to trace the sounds by nature's laws.

He first observed, that when the wind increased,  
 More loud, more dismal seemed the sound ; but when it  
 Lulled, the ghost in whispered zephyrs breathed his groans ;  
 More softly ; but his ear caught other wheezy moans.

Before the morning sun rose on the snowy scene,  
 The wind had ceased, so had the ghostly noise ;  
 But Potter saw a poor asthmatic dove, right  
 Near ; her wheezy breath disclosed the sobs at night.

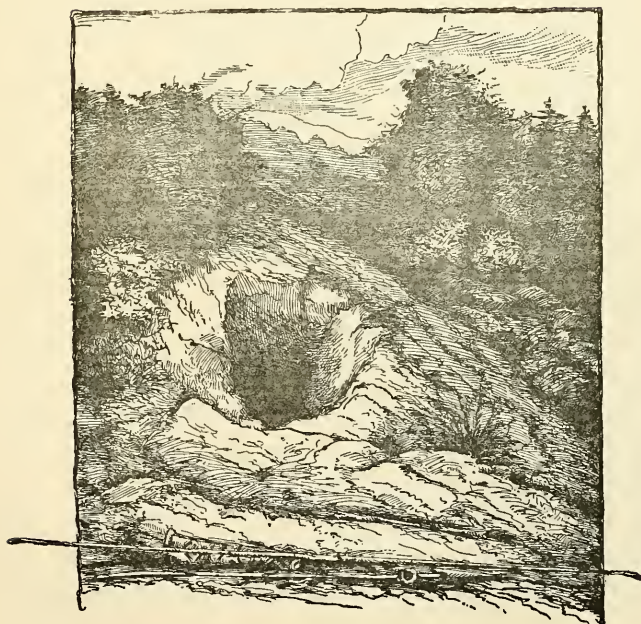
On closer search, a splinter, made by driving  
 Nails was found, which reed like, gave out long drawn groans  
 While the wind blew stroug, and made the blood to freeze ;  
 But when the wind and dove left, gone was the noise.



And in the openings through which passed the doves,  
A chain, by careless hands was swinging left,  
Which moved by passing birds, with ghostly din  
Clanked horrid, and gave color to the " Haunted Inn."

Thus Potter, by his common sense and careful thought,  
Found out the ghost, and drove him from the house.  
While to the unthinking crowd, this feat seemed done  
By aid of Satan, only by *his* skill 'twas won.

So ever after, when he came to play his feats  
Of magic, the people cried, " He could not do  
Such things alone. 'Twas by the Devil's aid,  
And black art words like ' Presto ' which he said."



THE INDIAN MORTAR, HORN POND MOUNTAIN.



## SAS-QUA-NA.

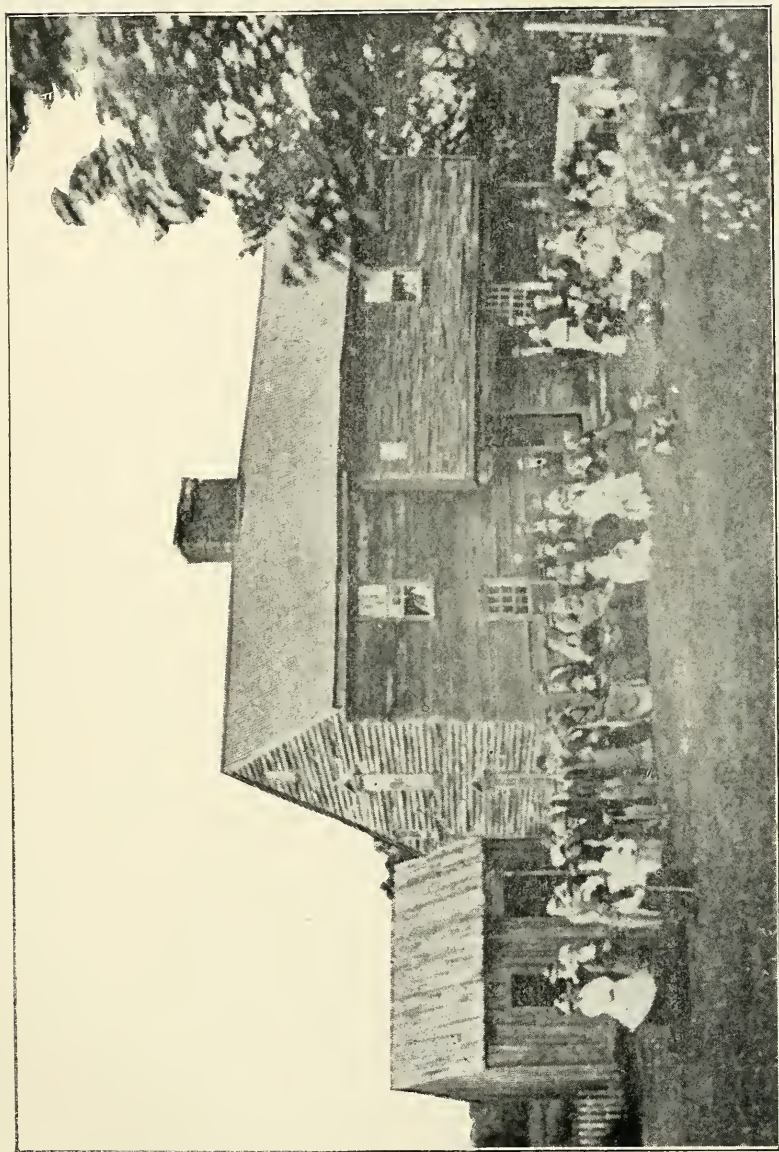
—AN—

### INDIAN LEGEND OF CHURCH STREET.



ANY years ago, but within the memory of the oldest people of Woburn, there was to be seen in the pasture, on a spot over which Church street now runs, and some six rods from Main street, in Woburn, the remains of an old cellar, over which, in the last of the 17th century, stood a little country tavern. Now this Inn, like all Inns at that time, had a bar-room, in which was a huge fireplace, with chimney throat large enough to allow the stars at night to be seen by looking up, piled in winter time with logs of blazing wood placed on andirons, against which leaned a loggerhead ; while over the fire swung a long crane, from which, amid the smoke, hung an iron kettle ; constituting a nightly place of resort for the male gossips of the neighborhood, as well as for the few travellers putting up there.

Now this loggerhead, or Flip-Dog, as it was sometimes called, consisted of a piece of iron about two feet long, one end being quite thick, while the other dwindled down to a handle ; such an article being a



JOSHUA CONVERSE GARRISON HOUSE IN 1876. BUILT ABOUT 1675.



main spoke in the furniture of every such place in those days. It was used in making flip, which was a mixture of beer, spirit and sugar, into which the loggerhead, hot from the fire, was thrust, heating the compound and causing a froth on top which usually ran over the sides of the mug.

It was on a cold sleety evening in December that several of the settlers were here gathered, discussing the news over their mugs of flip, and especially the rumors of suspicious actions by the Indians, which were thought to indicate mischief.

"I tell you," said one, "those varmints are tarnation treacherous and sly. Last night as I passed Mianomo (Rag Rock) just at dusk, I saw two of them skulking in the woods under the rock."

"Yes," said R——, "and I saw across Lake Innitou (Horn Pond) one dodging about and evidently reconnoitering."

"And," said another, "we all know their trails, with remains of recent camp-fires, have been seen by the hunters north of here. And it is even told that scouts from the Pequots and Narragansetts have visited the Indians; that war dances have been held, creating so much fear that our officers are quietly taking precautions against the tarnal critters."

Just then the door opened, and a tall savage in fur robe and moccasins entered the room, almost frozen, and with a famished look on his swarthy features. At once several guns were raised and cocked, but as quickly lowered, as the Indian threw open his robe, showing that he was not armed, and

meant no mischief. So all resumed their places around the huge fire. Sasquana, the Indian, begged in broken English to be allowed to warm himself, but he was sternly repulsed, while several arose with the intention of ejecting him from the premises as a spy, when C—— spoke up and said : “ No, he is cold and hungry ; let him be what he will, he ought to be kindly treated.” So saying he got up, gave him his chair and place at the fire, saying, “ Warm yourself in peace.”

The savage looked his thanks as he stretched his shivering form before the heat, while C—— proceeded to the bar, and after mixing a mug of flip he stuck the hot loggerhead into the compound, and presented it, all foaming, together with some cold venison and corn cake, to Sasquana, who quietly ate, drank and warmed himself under the protection of his friend. After having thus refreshed himself, Sasquana slowly got up, gave a profound look of gratitude at his benefactor, a scowl at the rest, then strode out, and was soon lost in the darkness.

It was not long before the suspicions were verified. War broke out, and Woburn, with other towns, furnished her quota of troops, among whom were most of those in the bar-room that night ; and in an engagement that soon followed, three of those men, including C——, were taken prisoners, bound to stakes, ready to be despatched the next morning. In the middle of the night C—— saw, stealthily approaching, a tall savage, armed with tomahawk and knife, who, after peering into the faces of the prisoners, stopped before him

and said, "White man know Injun?" The astonished man answered "No." The Indian replied, "Me know you; you good to poor Indian once; Sasquana no forget." So saying, he drew his hunting-knife, cut the cords that bound him, then taking him by the hand, ran rapidly with him some distance, then suddenly stopped, placed in his hand a package wrapped in birch bark tied with a willow withe, pointed the direction he should go and quickly disappeared.

C—— ran till daylight, when, stopping for a moment to quench his thirst at a spring; he opened the package and found it contained cold meat and pounded parched maize, which the thoughtful savage had provided him with. Resuming his flight, he soon heard noises behind him, which grew louder, and found that the Indians were in close pursuit and gaining upon him. In desperation, unarmed as he was, he plunged into a brook and concealed his head in the dense brakes hanging over the edge. Soon on came his pursuers, but before they reached his hiding place he suddenly heard the words in good English, "Take to shelter, quick," and soon the whistle of bullets over his head gave him notice that a body of Colonists, marching to attack the foe, had met them, to the surprise of both. The battle soon waxed hot, when C——, thirsting for revenge, sprang out of the water, grabbed the musket of a fallen soldier and rushed into the fight. Soon the redskins began to yield and flee, when he saw a stalwart savage engaged in a desperate struggle with two white men; and while rushing to their support, he recognized his friend and deliverer,

Sasquana, wounded and likely to be killed. With a rapid movement he knocked aside the muskets, and stepped between them, crying, "Stop, stay your hands ; he has just saved my life, I will now save his," and told the story of his escape from a horrid death through the interference of the savage, at the risk of his own life.

Sasquana returned with the troops to Woburn ; often visited the settlements and his old friend, becoming quite a favorite with all the Colonists, who allowed him full liberty to go and come at his will till his death, which occurred, it is said, near Squaw Pond, which once existed at the present Wilmington line.





# SAM HART'S RACE.

A LEGEND OF THE

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, 1809.



We worship the God of our Fathers, under the Old Willow.

*Joseph Thayer.*

DESCRIPTION OF THE CHURCH,

1794—1828.



HIS Church, which may now be seen, very much altered, on the east side of Main street, at Hammond square, was opened for worship in the year 1794, and then stood in the open ground, on what is now the south-east corner of Main and Church streets, about where the Mary A. Young homestead now stands; it was used until the year 1828, when the society moved into its present church.

As will be seen by the plate, it was a plain, unpretending structure, without steeple or bell, while nearly in front stood a large willow, referred to in the above-quoted saying of Joseph Thayer, one of its attendants. In the porch were stairs on either side, leading to the galleries.

Close in its rear, were the remains of an old cellar, also shown in the plate, over which, in colonial times, stood a small country tavern, being the same mentioned in the legend entitled "Sasquana," in this volume.

Inside, at the farther end of the auditorium, was the pulpit, quite high up, ascended by a flight of stairs on the left side ; while over it was a "Sounding Board," like an inverted umbrella hung up by the handle, designed to assist the minister's voice by its acoustic qualities. The church had galleries on three sides, with pillars beneath. The pews were square, with high panelled sides surmounted by a cap, called in those days "Sheep Pen Pews." Inside these pews were narrow, plain board seats all round, on hinges to turn up at prayers, when all stood, which made a great clatter.

In front of the pulpit, were the Deacons' seats, as was the custom at that time. The Old Church, and the critical point in the race, could not be better shown than by the plate, after a fine special painting by our gifted artist, Mr. Albert Thompson.

#### THE LEGEND.

##### FYTTE I.

You've all of you heard of a man who was bred  
In this city of ours, who had in his shed,  
A fine stepping mare of the rare Morgan race,  
Whose wonderful gift was her surprising pace.

Her owner declared that "she ne'er had been beat,  
"By any fleet courser; or Queen of the street,"  
For her enormous reach, and powerful wind,  
Left all the fast trotters a long way behind.



FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH IN 1809 (BUILT IN 1794), AND HORSES.



## FYTTE II.

One day, as he sat in the cool of the eve,  
 A Stranger in black, who would have one believe  
 That a parson he was, and so he appeared,  
 With his sanctified face, and close shaven beard,

Came up and said mildly, "Is this Mr. Hart,  
 Whose lightning paced mare passes all like a dart?  
 Which ne'er in the country her compeer has met,  
 Or been distanced or equalled by any horse yet?"

"If so, I propose that her bottom and speed,  
 Be pitted against mine of an untold breed.  
 And in order to show that I feel I can win,  
 This inducement I offer for you to 'go in.'

"I'll give you some odds. Now the bargain shall be,  
 You plank a cool hundred, and I'll put down three,  
 And stake my fine horse, too, and allow a start  
 To the lightning paced mare who goes like a dart.

"Your start shall be ten rods, and then if I can,  
 By going *right after*, my speed I so plan,  
 That e'er we arrive at the Common in town,  
 My bonnie Jet Black shall the distance o'ercome,

"So that he be able to seize with his teeth,  
 The switch of your mare, while you'll feel his hot breath,  
 Then the cash will be mine, without fear or fail,  
 Clean won by my horse, by a grab of her tail.

"But if I can't do it, or *don't follow so*,  
 Behind in the race now, *wherever you go*,  
 The money is yours, with my bonnie Jet Black,  
 That never was beaten, or failed on the track.

"The place for the starting shall be 'Hawker's Square,'\*  
 At nine in the morning I'll surely be there,  
 With my bonnie Jet Black and three hundred in tin,  
 And I'll lose horse and gold, or your money I'll win."

---

\* Hawker's Square was the original name for Central Square.

## FYTTE III.

Said Hart. " I don't care of what breed is your horse,  
His mettle will fail, tried 'gainst mine on the course,  
I am sure there's no nag, of whatever race,  
That can ' wipe out ' the ten rods in that short space.

" And so 'tis agreed, that the bargain shall be  
As you say as to terms, and *you follow me*  
*Wherever I go*, now if you fail in the least,  
The money I'll have, and your much vaunted beast."

## FYTTE IV.

The next morning's sun saw a wonderful race,  
For each started off at a tremendous pace,  
While the dust flew in clouds beneath their fleet feet,  
As like arrows they sped their way down the street.

By the Clapp House\* they went, upon the keen spring,  
Where a parrot was treating herself to a swing ;  
When Poll sharply squalled in a voice loud and cross,  
" Polly loves cracker, look out for the black horse."

'Twas a hard fought battle to " Bud. Parker's Inn," †  
Each one strained his sinews the utmost to win ;  
But the unknown dark horse with unearthly force,  
Soon lessened the distance, as they rushed on the course.

Now just as the racers the Ark Tavern‡ reached,  
The sign of the Ark on the Buttonwood creaked,  
Which sent such a dread through the strangers' wild horse,  
That he broke, and his gain and advantage lost.

---

\* The Clapp House was afterwards the Brick House Tavern, and stoop on the west side of Main street, a little south of Central Square.

† Bud Parker's Inn was the first name for the Mishawum House, which then stood where the house of Griffin Place now stands, on Main street, corner of the " Reading Road," now New Boston street.

‡ The Ark Tavern, an ancient inn, stood on the Daniel Richardson homestead, opposite the head of the Reading Road, and had a sign with the Ark painted on both sides, which swung from an iron rod over the road, on the buttonwood tree now standing there.

But still onward they went, at John Gilpin speed,  
While the stranger behind again lessened the lead ;  
At the Tottingham House\* his house blew fire  
From his coal black nostrils, as he came still nigher.

Hart saw the blue flame, and it flashed through his mind,  
That the Devil himself was the jockey behind ;  
But in spite of exertion, near the Burbeen House†,  
The black steed and rider came dang'rously close.

So Sam, nothing daunted, determined to play  
A trick on the Devil, for close by the way  
On the left, stood a church‡, with a willow in front,  
To which he reined his horse with a sudden jump.

Now just as he turned, and Jet Black came still nigher,  
His breath singed the mare's tail with unearthly fire ;  
But as soon as Sam stepped on the Holy Ground,  
The black steed stopped short, and glared wildly around.

Three times round the church then, Sam rapidly ran,  
While bonnie Jet Black in great fury began  
To rear, kick and plunge. while the Devil did say,  
" Hart, stop ! for your quick wit has won you the day.

" As I can't follow you on that Holy Place,  
Like a decent devil, I'll give you the race ;  
With three hundred in gold, and my bonnie Jet Black,  
On whom you can bet safely on any race track."

Then the fiend disappeared in sulphurous flame,  
And Sam did the horse of infernal breed train  
To a well behaved racer, whose matchless work,  
Always swept in the stakes, and all records broke.

#### Morale.

" Don't rayce with a fiende. Avoid a dysmal doome ;  
Who suppes with the Deville should have a long spoone."

---

\* The Tottingham House stood on the George Flagg homestead, corner of Main and Kilby streets.

† The Burbeen House was an old garrison house, and stood nearly where the Unitarian parsonage now stands, on Main street, just south of Hammond Square, and quite near the street.

‡ The church was the one above described.



## HUNTING LEGENDS OF WOBURN.



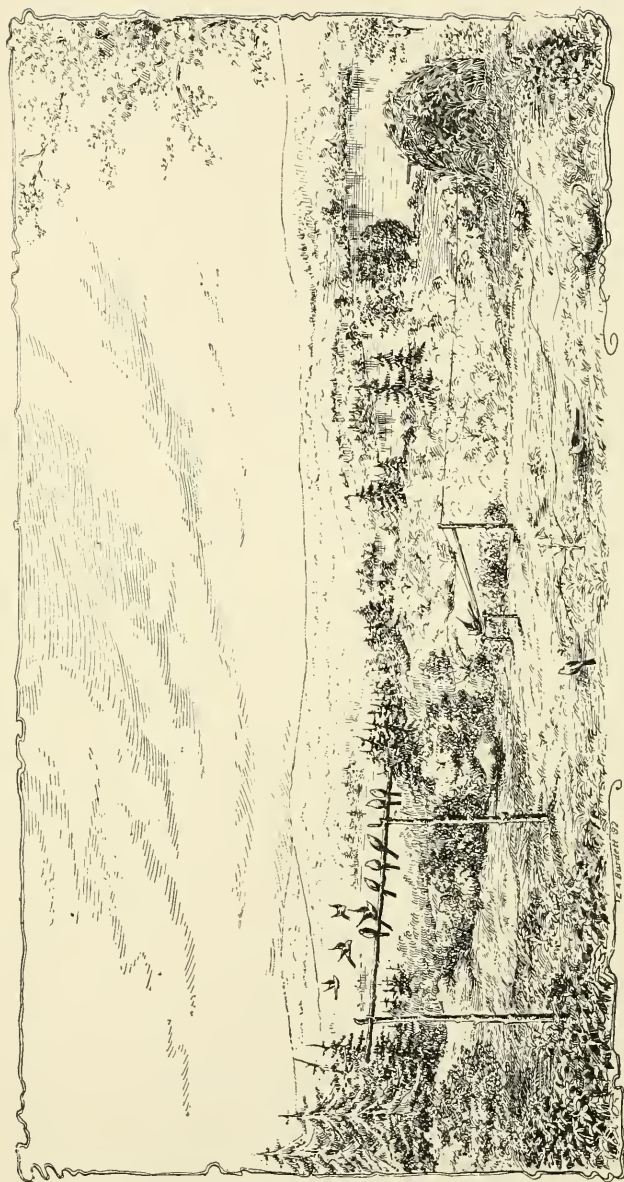
" List ! list ! list !

To the sound of the pack in full cry."



IN 1830 it would not perhaps have been much exaggeration to have called Woburn the " Happy Hunting Grounds," for the game then was so abundant, and of such a variety, as almost to have satisfied Nimrod himself.

This city at that time was mainly an agricultural place, with forests of old wood, which afforded shelter for game. The many ponds and streams, then better filled than now, were the haunts of numerous fur bearing animals, as well as wild fowl and fish, while most of the New England states then furnished grain fields enough to tempt the wild pigeon (*Ectopistes migratoria*), the quail (*Ortyx virginianus*), and the partridge (*Tetrao umbellus*), to remain and increase among us ; while in the streams and ponds, the musquash (*Ondatra zibethica*), was everywhere abundant ; the mink (*Mustela vison*), the raccoon (*Procyon lotor*), and the fox (*Vulpes fulvus*), all very common, with the weasel (*Putorius pusillus*) ; while occasionally the hunters were treated to a sight of an otter (*Lutra can-*



SETTING FOR PIGEONS IN WOBURN IN 1840.



*adensis*), and oftener to his track in the snow, looking as if a log had been drawn along, owing to the shortness of its legs; all these, with the rabbit in sorts (*Cuniculus*), grey squirrels (*Sciurus leucotis*), and others; the skunk (*Mephitis americana*), the seecawk of the Indians, usually hunted by moonlight in the fall; the woodchuck (*Arctomys empetra*), both good eating when young, especially the skunk, which looks and tastes like chicken; together with wild ducks (*Anas*) of various kinds, the loon (*Colymbus glacialis*), the woodcock (*Philohela minor*), and other wild birds, with the Canada snow bunting (*Struthers*), the various owls (*Surnia*), including occasionally a specimen of the great snowy owl of the north (*Surnia harfang*) in cold winters, as a rarity, the crow (*Corvus americana*), the blue jay (*Garrulus cristatus*), and others, in winter; with trout in summer, and pickerel in cold weather, furnished an ample hunting menu. In fact, most boys of active temperament were then practically trained to the use of guns and snow shoes, to shooting on the wing, and taking single birds offhand with the rifle; they acquired the mysterious knowledge of "setting for pigeons," making traps, snares, and decoys, with hunting lore generally; they could tell at once, by the sound only, each bird and beast, whether or not they were frightened or pleased, and what they meant. Also the art of imitating their calls; they could *prate* to the pigeons, and so cause them to light, and well they might, for one could scarcely step into the woods without hearing the *drumming* or *whirr* of the partridge, the rapid buzz-saw-like sound of the

woodcock, as it apparently *rattled* along, or seeing an owl as he noiselessly *slid* through the air on his "pinions of silk," or spying a "*Cottontail*" jumping over the ferns, a good mark for the practical gunner; while many a bountiful *dejeune a la fourchette* was supplied from the forest or stream, or a substantial *diner* of trout, pickerel, partridge roast, or pigeon pot pie, furnished by these trained gunners; indeed, in the years before, such experts as these practised marksmen, were the material that successfully contended with the British at Lexington and Concord, that furnished the sharpshooters which the "Redcoats" could not compete with, and in the persons of Coffee's Kentucky Riflemen, turned the tide of battle, and at one time, at the critical moment, saved the day at New Orleans, by their accurate fire, which nothing could resist; but the "Happy Hunting Grounds" are now farther north, away from the centres of manufactures and trade, where the ever present English sparrow frightens off the song birds, regardless of legal enactments or the weather, while the hunter and his skill are gone.

In the spring, during the day, the swampy places and streams of water were alive with the blackbird, shrilling his clarion notes in the chilly air. The Middlesex Canal from Abbott's landing (now a part of the Winn Public Library grounds) northward, with the adjoining Town Meadows, were transformed into a Spring Concert Garden, with the volunteer chorus singers sitting in the bare trees, all dressed in black. Indeed, the canal, with its broad basin near

the present corner of Harrison avenue and Winn street ; another, near the present junction of Winn and Middlesex streets, with a large bark house on its westerly side, and the "Sluice," just above, letting off the waste water over its top (where the boys used to take a shower bath), into a stream running into the Town Meadows, in fact, the canal in its entire length northward from Woburn, was, at that time, vocal, not only with their notes, but also with the various lays of numberless robins, bluebirds and song sparrows, tuning their "love labored songs" in the vernal air, preparatory to pairing for the season ; while at night, these were succeeded by the sharp, reiterated calls of the snipe, as he made his short upward flights from the low grounds, the hoot of the cat owl, and the *tremolo inferno* of the screech owl, in the forest, while the peep of the frog was universal.

In the days I speak of, the wild pigeon in the latter part of the summer, for a month or so, used to go down from the country above to the seacoast, starting every morning at daylight from their roosting places, and returning from 7 to 9 o'clock, moving over the country very rapidly in flocks, twice each day.

The method of taking them "by flight," was as follows, viz :—A booth was made of pine boughs, on a location with a good view. This booth was partially open at top for observation, and had an opening in the rear for entrance. Then a "pole," that is a slim straight young white pine 25 to 30 feet long, was placed high up, on two, or sometimes three crotches, driven into the ground, (see plate) at easy firing dis-

tance from the booth, with the crotch nearest the booth a little the shortest, so that the whole length of "the pole," when in position, would be in a line with a little aperture in the booth through which the gun-barrel passed when shooting, only the end of the "pole" nearest the gunner was dropped a little, so that the shot might rake the whole length of the pole, which was necessary when a large flock was on, as otherwise the mass of pigeons next the booth would stop all the shot, so that those beyond, would not be touched.

Then two, or more commonly three, live wild pigeons, which had been caught in nets, called "workers," were employed to decoy the flocks. They were kept in a large cage, and when used were "*blinded*," by running a thread through the lower lid of each eye, and twisting it over the top of the head, which drew the lower lids over the eyes, so that they could not see, and therefore were not frightened when being handled. Then each had a "boot," technically so-called, that is, a piece of soft kid string slipnoozed on to each leg, just above the foot. To the boots of one was attached a long line, and he was called the "Long Flyer"; to the boots of the second was attached a shorter line, and he was called the "Short Flyer," the other ends of the lines were firmly tied to some part of the booth on which each sat when not in use. The third was called "The Hoverer." He also had on "boots," and sat on a *stool*, so-called, that is, on the broad end of a long slim rod, attached as a spindle to an upright, set in the ground, between the



booth and the pole, with a string running from the spindle up through the top of the upright, and extending into the booth, so that when the string was pulled from within, the end on which he sat would be raised and lowered, thus imitating the alighting of pigeons. When these were all placed, and the gun put into the booth near the firing aperture, everything was ready for operations.

The *pigeoner* then took his place just outside the booth, usually on a stump, or something to raise him a little, with his *flyers* close to, and stood watching for flocks, as they rapidly travelled each way. As these flocks flew at the rate of a mile a minute, he had to keep a sharp lookout, and move lively when he first discerned them. Now, if a flock was seen at a long distance, and likely to come within range, the *long-flyer* was thrown up. This bird went the length of his line upwards, and then gradually settled, like a bird alighting; if time permitted, the *short-flyer* was then thrown up, and he settled in like manner. These usually attracted the flock when at a distance. Then the *pigeoner* slipped quickly into the booth, and pulled the string, causing the "Hoverer" to go up and down like a bird alighting, at the same time watching the movements of the flock, and *prating* to them. As soon as he saw them wheel and "*set their wings*," he knew they were going to light on the pole, so he dropped the *Hoverer*, and took up his gun ready to fire. By this time the loud *swish* would tell his practised ear that they were sweeping round, while in an instant more, with a sharp reverse action of their wings, the

flock would be on the pole, with heads up, all *prating*, with the brilliant green and bronze colors of their neck feathers glittering in the sun, making a sight perfectly enchanting to a born gunner. Then was the time for the tyro to have the "*pigeon-fever*," that is, such a pitch of excitement caused by the roar of the flock, the tumultuous lighting, the sharp *prating* of the birds as they straightened up, and the prospect for the first time, of a "shot from the pole," that the nerves often became so unsteady, as to prevent a single pigeon from being killed, as the shot would go wide of the mark; while if he was experienced, the unerring aim brought the birds to the ground, sometimes by dozens. The whole operation required practice, judgment and steady nerves.

This method was the one usually followed here. The other method was by baiting them on a bed in the woods, prepared for the purpose. In such case, after a sufficient number had made it their feeding ground, the net was set, the operator went into his booth and waited until a sufficient number *were on*, when, at a pull of the cord, the net closed over them, when some were saved for *workers*, and the rest killed for market. Price from four and sixpence to six shillings per dozen. The plate, made from a finely executed pen and ink drawing, by our well known artist, Mr. C. A. Burdett, gives a good idea of the process. Capt. Isaac Richardson for many years had a "Pigeon Bed," on the northwest side of Ragrock, then covered with large wood. John A. Dean, Uncle Lot Eaton, John N. Bennett, Alfred Eaton, P. L. Converse, George

Fowle, J. Addison Parker, Charles A. Wyman and Pool Brothers were the most successful pigeoners. In some years the birds were so numerous, that flocks would be in sight all the time, and often more pigeons were killed in a morning, than could be lugged home at once. Sometimes a hawk would spoil the sport, till the gunner exterminated him. In Wilmington they were mostly taken by net. The net, basket, etc., of Mr. Carter of that town, formerly used by him, are preserved in the Woburn Public Library.

Gradually, as the grain supplies and mast failed, the pigeons "went West, like the enterprising young men; and may be seen there, as they used to be here; but now seldom is here seen this "Quickest Messenger of the Skies," cutting his "Arrowy way" athwart the heavens.

The author has "*sat for pigeons*," under Ragrock, on ground now covered with buildings, and in other places now occupied by a thick settled community, and shot and *snares* partridges and quail, near where the Plympton School House now stands, as well as on "Hungry Plains" on the Swamp Road, and in "Froghole."

Another favorite method of hunting was by setting snares. One kind was called "still snares," viz: a noose set in a path and baited. Another was designated a "Twitchup," it being a sapling bent down, to which the noose was attached, which sprang up on being touched, carrying the unfortunate partridge or rabbit with it.

Fox hunting was then a science, and the sound of

the "Pack in full cry," something exhilarating. A club kept from four to six hounds, while sometimes as many as 25 pelts were taken in a winter.

To outwit the Fox required no small experience. He would make long jumps, double on his tracks, walk in the water, and then jump out on to a ledge, skulk under walls, and under ferns, in going by the gunners, in fact practise an hundred devices to throw the hounds off the track, or deceive the hunters ; while occasionally the loud Ou—Ou—Ou of the pack would announce to the distant hunters, that the quarry had " taken to the ground ; " or the short sharp yep, —yep—yep, just as surely gave the information that the scent was fresh and strong, and the hounds close to the fox.

Quite a little trade in mink, musquash and fox skins resulted from the abundant supply, which were taken partly by trapping, and partly by shooting.

Capt. Luke R. Tidd one day met with a singular adventure. He had been out hunting, and being near home, looked for an object at which to fire, so that he could clean his rifle, and put it away. Seeing what appeared to be a large yellow stone, at a long distance off on a ledge, he levelled his rifle, and good shot that he was, struck it, when lo, up sprang a fox, who had been taking a snooze, but so wounded was he, that he was soon secured by the aid of the dog.

The Writer once had an exciting experience with an otter, who, it is well known, are desperate fighters when cornered. In the latter part of February, as he

was walking up the tow-path of the Middlesex Canal, near "Peter's Hill," then so called, at Central Square, with his dog behind him, shotgun in hand, of a sudden a low growl from the dog announced something unusual.

On looking in the direction the dog indicated, a large otter was seen coming down the Canal on the ice. The dog was at once "called in," and both in an instant, lay concealed in a bunch of bushes at hand. On came the otter, till, when within only a very short distance, he suddenly raised his head, evidently snuffing us.

Fire had purposely been withheld, because nothing but robin shot was in the gun, and only a very close shot would be of any use. As the otter turned to seek shelter in the holes under the high bank, he exposed his side for a moment, and at that instant, the charge of shot took effect for all it was worth. It fairly knocked him over. Instantly starting the dog to get hold, he jumped on the ice with such force that he broke through, and went under. Of course his master jumped in, got him out, and on the ice again; but in the meantime, the otter had picked himself up, and crawled in under the bank, beyond the power of his pursuers. Traps were set, and watch kept, but he never came out again.

Hunting the large white rabbit at "Millstone," near North Woburn, in winter, with hounds, almost equalled fox hunting.

Horn Pond, Winter Pond, the different Mill Ponds, the Middlesex Canal, and the various streams of water,

in Autumn afforded good duck shooting, and good pickerel fishing in winter.

Dunham's Pond was a good sized, though shallow, sheet of water, then lying immediately east of the present residence of Mr. Ward Wyman. It was surrounded by an old forest growth, and was famous for the large number of high bilberry bushes that grew on its sides. This pond was a great place for ducks and other game, and was named in an advertisement of Glover's Hotel (Mishawum House), as an attraction in its neighborhood. It was drained by Abel Wyman, John C. Brackett and Benjamin Wood, owners, about the year 1834, by a ditch that passed under Main street, and discharged into the Middlesex Canal.

In summer nights, the whippoorwill (*Antrostomus vociferous*); the night hawk (*Caprimulgus*) with the cat and screech owls, were heard in almost every piece of woods; while the sharp quick bark of the fox, and the startling, almost human cry of the raccoon, (*Procyon lotor*) ever and anon were borne by the evening breeze from a distance to the listening ear; while in the day time, the woods were vocal with the notes of almost numberless migratory songsters, that now seek more secluded localities.

In those years, wild geese passed North in Spring and South in Fall, in numerous harrow shaped flocks. Occasionally these flocks were tried with the rifle. Often the ball would go near enough to disconcert them, while instances have occurred, when one was brought down.

On "Election Day" in the Spring, it was the cus-

tom for all the gunners to assemble, choose sides, and gun during the day, killing only noxious birds, and at sundown meet at a place agreed upon, to decide which side had won.

Then the turkey shootings occupied quite a place in the sports with the gun. Dressed turkeys were set up forty-five rods off, so far indeed that the best rifleman used a telescope on their rifles. The pie and gingerbread shoots took place at the same time, when those articles were shot at ten rods off, with smooth bores, by the Lubbers, while the Riflemen looked on with contempt.

The great northern diver or loon, with his fiendish laugh-like tone, was a tough subject for the riflemen, for he kept under water most of the time when pursued, and came up at long distances off. Unless hit just right, and *against* the lay of the feathers, the balls would glance off from his thick feather mail, like peas striking the side of a building, when his horrible haw-haw, just as he dove, seemed done in derision of his assailants.

About the year 1843 occurred the "Wild Pig Hunt." It appears that Col. Leonard Thompson purchased early in Spring, from a drove, a long, lank pig. This pig escaped from the sty, into the woods, where, during the summer, he lived in a wild state, growing more and more savage, from being pursued and shot at, till in the Fall, he became dangerous, and the hunters determined to take him dead or alive. At this time he would run before the hounds like a fox, stopping occasionally to beat them off. After a



half day's running, he was driven on to Ragrock, where several armed hunters were waiting for a shot. As he came down the side, a man from behind a tree sprang on to him, and a desperate struggle ensued, but assistance being promptly afforded, he was thrown on his back, bound with ropes to a plank, and escorted through Woburn with music and the firing of guns, above all of which was heard the shrill defiant screams of the still resolute rebellious captive.

Wild bee hunting was somewhat common. To "line a bee," and by that means discover the "Bee Tree," was a special art. The following will give a fair idea of the method. It is a well known fact, that the honey-bee, when it has finally loaded up with honey, or pollen, takes a "*bee line*" for its home, never varying except to avoid obstacles; and it is on this very peculiarity of the insect, that the hunter relies for success. So he takes a little covered box of honey with him into the woods, as far as possible from habitations. When he gets there, he uncovers his box, sets it down, and patiently waits for "*a bite*." A wild bee smelling it, settles down and fills its bag therefrom. When it is filled, it stops, cleans its feet, and prepares to depart. It is just at this time that the knowledge of the hunter comes in play. He knows what these motions mean, and so is on the alert. When the bee starts, it rises slowly, taking, as it were, the latitude and longitude of the box, then he flies straight upward, in ever increasing circles, till about thirty to forty feet high, when suddenly it stops or poises, and then takes a straight line for home. When it arrives

there it unloads, tells its fellow-workers of the rich deposit, and before long the hunter sees his old acquaintance, with reinforcements, come direct to his box, when they all settle, and go rapidly to work *lapping* in the "find," for bees do not *suck* honey. Now while this operation is going on, the hunter is not idle, for as soon as they get fairly at work, he takes up the box carefully, and travels sideways from the way the first bee went home, so as to make an angle with the first line, watching carefully all the while. When they show signs of leaving, he sets down the box, again watches the process of locating it; and observes the line they take for home. He then compares the two lines, and computes, by the angle made by them, the direction and probable distance of the tree, where they live; then he waits till they return, when he goes quick in the direction of the last line, and so on, till he is at last rewarded by seeing the bees going in and out of the hole in the tree he has been seeking for. The bees are then smothered with fumes of brimstone, and a large augur and a chisel, tell the story as to how the deposit of sweetness is taken out.

Sometimes to the hunters great disgust, he "brings up" in some farmer's yard, or even in his own premises, for bees now and then, when there is a scarcity of flowers, travel as many as three miles out.

Occasionally something exciting came up. One day, just after sunset, about the year 1842, as Capt. Luke R. Tidd and the writer were returning from a hunt, with their rifles, just before arriving at the Arch

Bridge at the Watering Station of the B. & L. R. R., the dog ran some animal into a heavy old growth in a swamp; and soon his long ou-ou announced that he had treed or grounded the game. On reaching the spot, the twain were confronted by a huge cat on an oak, growling savagely, and his eyes flashing fire. It appeared that Mr. Joseph Beers and others had been losing poultry for a couple of years, and here was the thief on the tree. The writer drew up, but owing to the darkness, the ball from his rifle only "barked the cat." With a savage growl, he went up a little higher and came out, in a crotch ready to spring. Capt. Tidd then fired, but for the same reason his bullet only grazed the side of his face. The shot was at once followed by a spring from the fierce feline, who, alighting on Capt. Tidd's leg proceeded to demolish his pants. The dog now came to the rescue, but a tear of the skin on his back by the paw of the cat, caused him to beat a hasty retreat, while the forest echoed, with his yelps and the growls of the cat, and it was not till after a ball had been put through him on the Capt.'s leg, and the breeches of the rifles had been freely used, that he succumbed.

Hunting in the woods for game, has now been succeeded by hunting in shops and offices for the Almighty dollar. The forest and its charms are gone to return no more.

The Legends pictured above, are all that can be preserved.

## FINANCIAL PANIC LEGENDS.



"We must take the current when it serves  
Or lose our ventures."

—*Shakespeare.*



WOBBURN,, in common with the rest of the world, has experienced the evil effects of regularly occurring years of business troubles ; and as they have a past history, and a future career. "Financial Panic Legends" may properly find a place in this work.

Human nature is extremely sensitive in money matters. Touch a man's pocket, and you touch him in a vital spot. And well it may be so, for the possession of wealth is the possession of power, safety, and of the great lever which moves the world with all its business, pleasure, pride, fashion, charity and enterprise.

One cannot, even if in love, get married, be doctored, if sick, or buried, if dead, without its aid. "You pay your money and take your choice," but if you have no money, you have no choice. Money or no money, there's the rub. Pope says "One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade." The Devil makes use of the article for the success of his schemes, and he takes the hindmost in all financial races ; while

even Religion itself is largely dependent on its power for her spread and success. The real kings of the earth are not the nominal ones, but the great capitalists, whose golden sceptres sway the nations at will.

But money by turns is timid, and audacious. The moment rumors of trouble in the financial world prevail, every pocket is more closely guarded, and when panics are threatened, all the money bags are double locked; it becomes a coward and retires to its inner fortress for safety, the drawbridge is raised, the portcullis dropped, the moat filled, till the gale is past, thereby aggravating the trouble, instead of giving help, by withholding the sinews needed to withstand the storm; and consequently all those who have unduly inflated business, speculated on insufficient means, or lived and traded on false and makeshift counterfeits of the real article, with all their paper castles and cobweb machinery built and spun in the delusive summer of fortune's fickle smiles, fall to the ground, and they realize, when too late, that they trusted their fancy structures on too soft and airy foundations.

On the other hand when the financial cyclone has expended its force, the dross removed, leaving only gold in the crucible, and the warm spring of returning business life and confidence comes, after the stern winter of panic has purified the air, money, like the squirrel, timidly peeps out of its hole; by degrees it cautiously ventures forth, and growing more bold by success, enters into the battles of business and speculation, till bloated and arrogant, it "rides the whirl-



MAIN STREET, LOOKING NORTH FROM THE COMMON, 1885.







wind and directs the storm," in its frantic efforts to add bulk to bulk; it waters itself by issuing undue quantities of commercial paper, bonds, obligations, mortgages and accomodation notes; "corner lots" go up, fine residences are erected, nice "Turn Outs," diminutive dog carts with fancy dogs at fifty dollars each under them, and still more diminutive fancy poodles at still higher prices on the seats, with twenty-five dollar whips in the sockets, and negro drivers, crowd the streets, till business and fashionable living are overdone, and the evils of such foolishness culminate in another crash, which sweeps away dogs, carts and their owners, while money again becomes cowardly and retires to its castle of safety.

So the civilized world always did wag, and always will wag, from panic to panic in the same inevitable fashion.

Now all this is human and unavoidable, because of all things, the most of mankind desire wealth, power, spread and high living, so they run all risks to get it, and naturally turn to speculation, overtrading, and even gambling in margins in wheat, cotton, and making corners and other questionable transactions, to get their pile in a hurry. So of necessity, panics always have and always will occur, and it is no superstition to say, that they will come at intervals so regular that that the times of their appearance can be foretold with reasonable certainty, because experience has shown that it takes about so much time for the public to recover from a depression, regain confidence to do business freely and then get reckless.

And experience has also shown, that there are times between the panic years, when lesser "checkups" occur, and values reach a climax and then decline, so there always have been, and always will be, favorable intermediate times to buy and sell.

The years in which panics have occurred are, 1783, 1803, 1819, 1837, 1857, 1873 and 1891, and the intervals in years between, are in regular progression, viz : 20, 16, 18, 20, 16, 18, and so in the future, panics will occur in 1911, 1927, 1945 and 1965.

The intermediate year *par excellence* in which to sell real estate, stocks and goods, because of higher prices have been 1800, 1810, 1818, 1827, 1837, 1845, 1854, 1864, 1872, 1881 and 1891, with regular progressive intervals of years between as follows, viz : 10, 8, 9, 10, 8, 9, 10, 8, 9, 10. The future good years in which to sell are 1899, 1908, 1918, 1926, 1935 and 1945.

The intermediate years of decline, low values and best times to purchase "corner lots," stocks, etc., have been 1796, 1807, 1816, 1823, 1834, 1843, 1850, 1861, 1870, 1877, 1888, and it will be noticed that the intervals between these are also in regular progression, viz : 11, 9, 7, 11, 9, 7, 11, 9, 7, 11, and consequently the future best years in which to purchase to advantage will be 1897, 1904, 1915, 1924, 1931, 1942 and 1951.

The above figures are made up from statistics and actual past experience, as can be verified by any one taking the trouble to examine: and when such remarkable regularity, as is exhibited in the recurrence

of the different periods, is taken into consideration, it is evident that the great laws of business, guided and directed by all the wants, pride, passions and follies which are inherent in human nature, will continue to govern all future business and transactions, in spite of all past experience and warnings to the contrary, and so, like results will be the rule in the future.

Of course, peculiar circumstances have some influence, so that panics will vary in intensity, and even somewhat in time of occurrence; but not even our gigantic civil war, the Mexican, the war of 1812, or political changes, interrupted, in any considerable degree, the great march of those principles and methods of human nature, on which civilized life is based, and which govern all individuals and the nations.



## ANECDOTAL LEGENDS OF WOBURN.



Why worry o'er the ills of life,  
Or cloud the day with wordy strife?  
Tell anecdotes, and laugh between,  
They light the face, and clear the spleen.

Now these choice scraps of native wit,  
Like wine, are ripened quite a bit  
By age, which adds a genial shine  
To humor, mellowed down by time.

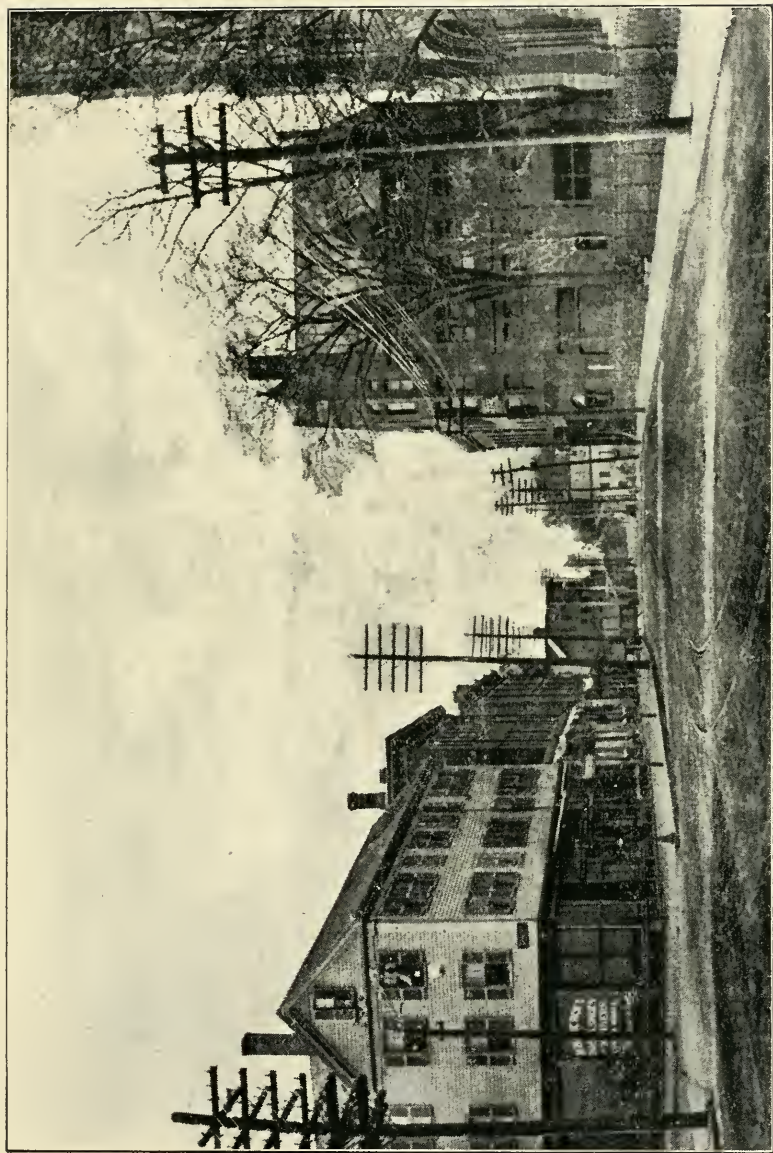


THE Anthology, here given, is the best of the short local stories, which during the last century, have been floating round unpublished. and now, for the first time, find a permanent home in this volume.

These anecdotes will, it is hoped, furnish an enjoyable *Olla Podrida* of representative Woburn humor.

Mr. George Flagg had quite a mania for purchasing all sorts of odd things at auction, and his home in time, became quite a museum.

One day, as two men were discussing the subject, one said there was nothing that a man might call for, which Mr. Flagg could not furnish. The other was equally sure he could "stick him," so they went to his house, when one said, "Mr. Flagg, we are in want of an article we have not been able to find, and have



MAIN STREET, LOOKING SOUTH FROM THE COMMON, 1892.



called to see if possibly you might not have one.”  
 “What is it?” inquired Mr. Flagg. “It is a second hand pulpit. Have you one in your collection?” To the utter astonishment of both, he instantly replied. “I have five or six of different patterns. Please step in and make a selection.”

One day the servant told Mr. Flagg, that one of his hens was setting on some rotten eggs, and had better be “broken up.”

His reply was characteristic. “Let her set, if she wants to. The old hen’s time is not worth much.”

In a case concerning a fire he was a witness in court, when this question was put to him, “Who was the first man you saw come out?” Mr. Flagg’s answer set the court room in a roar. It was this, “The first man I saw come out, was the Widow Brooks.”

Mr. Henry Flagg told this story of Rev. Mr. Chickering. His servant came in, and informed him, that “there was a skunk in the grass back of the house.” Mr. Chickering took a gun, went out, and fired at the supposed skunk; when lo, his cat jumped out unhurt, and ran into the house. On his reproving the servant, he replied, “I thought the cat would not run much of a risk, if you did fire at her, and it has turned out so,”

Mr. Josiah Brown was once digging a ditch for Col. Loammi Baldwin. The Col. called to see how he got along, when Brown asked him if “he was doing it right.” The Col., who had on white pants and vest,



did not come very near, so Brown insisted that he should inspect it closer. On his coming to the edge, Brown pulled him in, to the great chagrin of Baldwin. Sometime after, a large culvert needed inspection and repairs, so he employed Brown to do the job. While he was in the culvert, the Col. pulled up the boards of the dam just above, when out came Brown, tumbling over in the water, like a frog. So they both concluded to call it even.

One day Col. Baldwin was showing his electrical machine to Brown, when he insisted that Baldwin should electrify the cat. The Col. told him to catch and hold her while he gave her a dose. So Brown caught pussy, placed her in his lap, and recommended the Col. to give her a big shock, so he could see her jnmp." It is needless to say, that the Col. "charged up," all he could, and that Brown jumped full as much as the cat.

Josiah Converse, Sr., had three small daughters, and every Saturday afternoon, each was most thoroughly scrubbed in a large tub, which scrubbing was much dreaded. So the two older ones always began to cry sometime before the schedule time arrived for the operation; but it was observed that Hepzibah the youngest, but the pluckiest of the three, never was seen to whimper. On being asked, why she too, did not cry, she spunkily replied, "It's time enough to cry, when I see the tub," a practical bit of philosophy, which might, with advantage be used in every day life.

When Martin L. Converse was Town Clerk, a man brought in a document for record, a part of which was so badly written, that he could not read it, so he made a literal copy of it. Some years after, a man came in and called for that particular record, when Martin remembered it, and watched him sharply. The man in a loud voice, read the whole of it off without hesitation: and after that Mr. Converse used to pride himself, on making so exact a copy of the fishhooks and scrawls of the writing.

On cold evening in winter, as Josiah Converse was closing the shutters of his store for the night, he saw through the window a light fingered chap he had left inside, snatch a pound lump of butter, and conceal it in his hat. Instantly the method of punishment occurred to him. He went in, got the fellow into a hot corner back of the stove, into which he put some extra wood. Then he mixed up a stiff *Nor'wester*, with hot water, and said, "Sam, it's a cold night, take something warm before you go." The chap tried to evade, but to no purpose. He had to drink it. Soon the heat of the stove and the hot toddy caused the sweat to start, and the butter to run in streams down his face and neck. With a howl, he broke away, and ran out, followed by these words of his tormentor, "Sam, I reckon I've got fun enough out of you to pay for that pound of butter, so I won't charge it."

Asa Holt like a good many other young men, went a courting. After a while some of his acquaintances

asked him, how he courted, and what he did and said. He replied, "we talk religion till 12 o'clock, and after that we talk of something of more consequence." Sometime after, he was married, and lived in a one story house on Salem street, having three rooms strung along on the street. Some one told him, that if he would set his house up on end, he would have a three story mansion, and Holt went off thinking whether or not he should make the improvement.

Director Kurek of the Woburn Marion Band, at a rehearsal, suddenly stopped them, and shouted, "First Cornet, what you got there?" "A shake," replied the player. "Why you no shake him?" roared Kurek, to which peals of laughter followed.

A certain prominent member of the above named Band, J— K—, when the band came to a halt in the street, in a procession, cast his eyes upward, to a bevy of young girls in the fourth story of a building opposite, impressively folded his hands on his breast, and exclaimed in a solemn tone loud enough to be heard, "Place not your affections on things below, but on things above."

Col. Wade, known to every one as a dry joker, was one day approached by a Fourth of July Committee, with a request to let them have his coach and driver for the celebration. His reply was, "Certainly. Happy to accommodate." "How much shall you charge?" queried the Committee. "\$500.00, only \$500.00," said the Col. rubbing his hands. The committee retired to seek a cheaper one.

One day the Col., who hated bell ringing, was asked to subscribe towards the purchase of a new bell. He replied, "If you will have what I want, I will put down one hundred dollars." "What is that?" asked the committee. "It is a twenty-five pound cannon, placed in the steeple, and fired to the four points of the compass every Sunday morning, to wake up the people to do their duty." The Col. kept his money.

About two or three days before the Col. died, he said to those around him. "You know I have not had visitors of late years, and at my funeral I do not wish to have the public come here out of mere curiosity, to look me over, and see what is in the house, and I desire that you contrive some means to keep such persons out." Of course all waited his directions; when suddenly his face lighted up, and with a twinkle of his eye he said, "I have it; appoint my funeral say for Wednesday, *and have it Tuesday.*"

There used to come round every year, a certain love cracked individual named Chaplin, to "collect his rents in the country," as he termed it, but who, notwithstanding his crazed head, retained all his learning and sharpness. One day he went into Wade & Buckman's store, and called for some goods. After they were put up, he fumbled for a time in his pockets, then suddenly exclaimed, "I had *sense* enough to call for these articles, but I havn't *cents* enough to pay for them," and off he trudged in the most gentlemanly manner.

Chaplin was one day at a muster on "Trooper's Plain," Central Square, when some one, to whom he was known, asked him to deliver a temperance lecture. A cask being provided, he mounted it, and for five minutes, no orator in the State could have delivered a more finished or dignified address. All of a sudden, without warning, he jumped down, kicked over the cask, ran into the crowd, exclaiming, "Gentlemen, let's go and liquor."

The same individual was one day descried on the hay scales, with a basket of little trinkets, which he was offering for sale, with oratorical speeches fit for the Halls of Congress. Some one asked him what he was doing. His instant reply was, "I am doing a *small* business on a *large* scale."

One of the keenest witted citizens Woburn ever had was so much addicted to the use of the ardent, that he was put under guardianship as a spendthrift; upon which he said, "I have lived to see my wife a widow, my children fatherless; and my estate settled."

One evening he took his hat, and told his wife he was going out. She fearing he might get too much tid—er—e—i aboard, tried to dissuade him, but all to no use, for out he went, to return at midnight, quite "set up," just enough to be sharp. He pounded on the door, saying, "Mrs. —, Mrs. —, let me in." No response. Another pound. "Mrs. —, do please let me in." Still no answer. Another heavy pound followed by the words, "If you don't let

me in I'll drown myself in the well." Now in front of the door, was a well with a cover to take off, and near it a large log. As still there was no response, he took off the cover, and with a loud bang, threw the log down the well, then quickly took his post close to the house, behind the door. Mrs. —, who of course had heard all, and especially the splash of the log in the water, quickly opened the door, and cautiously stepped out in her night dress, to reconnoitre; when he quietly stepped in, closed and locked up, saying, "I am in, you are out," and no entreaties sufficed to make him relent; so Mrs. — passed the rest of the night at a neighbor's.

One of the students at the Warren Academy had a remarkably old way of appearing. So one day, when a particularly old speech had been delivered by the mossy individual, another boy of bright imagination, delivered himself of the following flight of oratory :

"At the birth of the world, when chaos reigned, and darkness rested on the face of the deep; and God said 'Let there be light, and there was light,' as the light began to stream over the Planet, just as soon as objects could be discerned, there stood our old friend, alone on a rock, with his back all covered over with moss, exclaiming as he straightened up, 'I am glad, that I can at last see.' "

At another time the master had given strict orders that no student should take the ladder, and go up into the belfry. Baker, one of the irrepressibles of the school, one noon disobeyed orders, so the master took

down the ladder, and left him there a prisoner. Soon after the school was called to order, in stalked Baker and took his seat, when on examination it appeared, that he had taken the bell rope, gone out on the slate roof, to one of the chimneys, to which he tied the rope, and swung off, reaching the ground in safety.

Zeb Wyman whose appearance with his long lank figure and camlet cloak fluttering in the wind, is remembered by the older citizens, and who kept a store in the Leathe House, on the Common, then owned by him, used to write his dunning letters thus, "Z. Wyman wants money." If that peremptory request did not bring it, this soon followed, "Z. Wyman will sue." This last usually brought the cash.

E—— L—— a citizen bright enough, but often intoxicated, one day came out of the woods to the road, in a dazed condition, and hailed a passer-by in these words, "Dear man, dear man, can you tell me who I am; where I am; and where I want to go?" The man who knew him, replied. "You are his Satanic Majesty; you have escaped to earth; and want to go back to the Infernal Regions." So he took him home.

At a muster on Trooper's Plain, it was discovered that a certain Bass Drummer was exceedingly popular: and the cause was this. Each of his visitors, pulled out a small plug at one end of his drum, and obtained some spirited liquid music therefrom, which all declared to be of very fine tone in A sharp.



A friend calling on Rev. L——. W——, one evening, found him engaged in examining a lot of old manuscripts, and throwing them into the fire. To an inquiry by his friend, he answered that they were his old sermons, and he thought that perhaps they would give as much light that way, as they ever did.

The customers of a certain Deacon ——, who sold milk, complained after awhile, that the article furnished was blue and poor; to which he replied, “Do you think I would cheat you? I say upon my honor, that I never put a drop of water in my milk in all my life.” This answer satisfied his customers, till a certain hired man of his got mad, and left his service, when he let out the secret. He said, “The Deacon told you the truth when he said he never put a drop of water in his milk in all his life; but I’ll tell you what he did do. He put water in his milkpail, and then milked into it.”

Once on a time the bell of the church was found to be cracked, and at a parish meeting Deacon R——, a dry old codger, was chosen a committee of one, to “take down the bell and sell it.” For a long time nothing was heard about it, till at another parish meeting he was called upon to report. His report was characteristic, and to the point. “Gentleman, I was appointed a committee of one. to take down the bell and sell it. I have attended to that duty. I have sold it, and have spent the money.” And that was the last that was ever heard about it.

Jacob Buckman, father of the late Hon. Bowen Buckman, was a good story teller, and often amused the village gossips at Wade & Buckman's store, of an evening, with his dry wit. One evening, after telling a number, he started to go home, when all begged for just one more. He said, "Gentlemen, I have no more worth telling, but will only say, that yesterday afternoon I went a gunning, and came home across neighbor Converse's hill; as I wished to discharge my gun before I went in, I thought I would fire into a small bush at the bottom of the hill. I did so, and what do you think I killed?" After all sorts of guesses, he put on his hat, and just as he went out he exclaimed, "I killed nothing."

A certain wheelwright, having a buggy for sale, placed it in front of his shop, with these words in chalk, written on its side, "For Sail." Some wag wrote right under, "Where bound."

Nathan Richardson was one of the most honest men in the world, who hated especially to be humbugged. One day a friend asked him if he had seen any pieces of the new silver currency, three of which made a dollar. On his saying "No," and expressing a desire to see some, his friend quietly showed him a half dollar and two quarters, to Nathan's great disgust.

Calvin A. Wyman, who used to reside near Central Square, was familiarly called "The Trooper," and this was the way he came by the name. He joined the cavalry company, and in mounting one day, he

gave such a spring that he landed on the other side of his horse, when some one remarked, "That was a good jump for a trooper;" so the name came into use.

At another time Woburn had a meeting-house in which over the pulpit, was a sounding board, designed to give greater effect to the parson's words, under which a minister with a stentorian voice was preaching on trial. After some months, a meeting was called to determine whether or not they should settle him, at which a motion was made that they hear him further, when up jumped an old farmer, who addressed the meeting as follows: "Mr. Moderator, the motion is to hear him further. Odd zounds! what do we wish to hear him further for; we can hear him half a mile already." After a laugh, the meeting decided to give him a call. Some years after, when a part of the congregation was discontented with his preaching, on account of the harshness of his voice, which his admirers said was caused by the sounding board, a motion was made "that the board be removed," when up again jumped the old farmer, and moved as an amendment "that the sound be removed from under the board." The amendment prevailed, and the board staid in place, while the sound vanished, to give place to a voice in harmony with the resonator.

One hot Sunday a minister was preaching to a drowsy audience, when just in front, a stout man with open mouth was snoring away so that he disturbed the service. Now this man had a large factory, which

had several times taken fire, but the fire had been extinguished by buckets of water constantly at hand for the purpose. The minister was preaching on "the sins of the day," and as he went on, the music, call it vocal or instrumental as you please, still continuing, it occurred to him that by raising his voice he could wake him up; so interpolating a sentence in his sermon, just as a deep bass strain of uncommon beauty issued from the sleeper, he likened the sin in question "to a consuming fire." The words were no sooner uttered, than up jumped the fat man, who, with an excited voice and violent gesticulations, screamed out, "Take out the buckets! take out the buckets! quick! quick!" The whole congregation was instantly in confusion; the parson got behind the pulpit and with his handkerchief to his face, gave way to his feelings till the tears rolled down his cheeks. As soon as he could control himself he rose, and finding it impossible to resume his discourse, pronounced the benediction and beat a hasty retreat.

In days long gone by, when slavery existed in this state, a certain minister had a faithful slave named Pompey, who always attended church, and sat in the gallery. One sultry Sunday, as the minister was in the midst of his sermon, he noticed occasionally some missiles, apparently thrown by some one, strike several sleepers, who were thereby awakened; on watching closely, he saw they were thrown by Pompey, who, on being discovered, shouted out, "You attend to your preaching, Massa, and I'll keep 'em awake."

Another had a young darkey called "Charcoal Jim." Now this Jim had under his charge a colt just broken to the saddle, which was his special delight. No mother could be more tender of her child than Jim was of "Phillis." One day his master directed him to take Phillis and go to the mill with a bag of corn to be ground. Poor Jim was touched to the quick by the order. A bag of corn on Phillis, was too hard a load for her young back. Tears came in his eyes. He looked at the colt, then at the bag. Master's orders must be obeyed. The thought was dreadful. He scratched his pate in perplexity. At last the bright thought came. Jim jumped for joy. He put the bag of corn on his own back, mounted the colt, trotted to mill and back, showing the whites of his eyes and his ivories, in the happy consciousness of having obeyed his massa's orders, saved Phillis, and kept his conscience clear, all at the same time.

When Joseph Rollins was hostler at the Central House, the cry was, "Where's Joe?" When he became landlord, the cry was, "Where is Mr. Rollins?" Again he became hostler, when again the cry was, "Where's Joe? Where's Joe?"

Mr. Bartholomew Richardson, (not the carpenter) kept the Tavern called "The Ark," formerly standing where the residence of the late Daniel Richardson now stands. On account of the bigness of his feet, and his ungainly ways, he was known as "Old Clownter." He would pretend to be a servant round the yard, and

so get sums of money, by doing menial services, saying "Mr. Richardson keeps me on purpose to do it." Then he would go in and act as landlord.

Mr. ——— was a strange looking man, but keen as a briar. One day he was at Salem, where some men were playing checkers for money. He being a country looking chap, they thought to fleece him. So they asked him to play, but he pretended not to know how, although in reality, he was an expert at the game. They told him "they would show him how, and he would soon learn." So he sat down, when of course, they let him beat two or three games, under their tuition. Then they suggested that they "play for money, as he was then able to play well." So he sat down, conquered them all, and took the stakes.

One day, when among strangers, a man asked him if he would be offended, if he asked him his name. He replied "Certainly not, and would not be if you ask me another question."

He had a stepmother, and one day, he came in holding his face, pretending he had a raging toothache, and must have some rum (of which he was fond), to relieve it. She got the bottle, and was just going to give him some, when he seized it, drank it all off at once, and exclaimed, "The toothache is all gone. Never felt better in all my life."

Rev. Mr. Y—— told this story. He was chaplain in the war, and used to go to the Hospital morning and night. One evening he was offering consolation to an Irishman, who was badly wounded, and asked him, “if he was not afraid to meet his God?” “No, your Riverence,” said Pat, “it is the ither one that I’m afraid of.”

Joshua Reed, a Veteran drummer of the war of 1812. was called on by his Pastor, in his last moments, and interrogated as to the state of his mind. He replied, soldier-like, “my Knapsack is slung, and I am ready to march.” But queried the Parson, “Have you made your peace with God.” His answer was honest, “I do not need to, for God and I never quarreled.”

L—— T——, Sen., went up to New Bridge to mow, taking with him, his luncheon and toddy. While he was grinding his scythe, Jabez Thompson took his dinner out of the basket, and put a toad in its place. At noon L. T. discovered the trick, and being satisfied that Jabez did it, he determined to get even with him. So knowing, that he would, in coming home, cross the stream leading from Jonathan Tidd’s tannery, on a plank, he procured a saw, and cut the plank half through on the under side. Then he watched, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing Jabez floundering in the filthy water that came from the tannery.



Soon after the dedication of the Soldiers' Monument on the Common, two friends, one an Orthodox, and the other a Unitarian, were admiring it, when the Orthodox gentleman said to his friend. "Your church must be wrong, for see, the soldier has turned his back on you." "Ah, my friend," replied the other, "but just notice who he faces; I have always understood, that every good soldier faces the enemy."

Many years ago, when I commenced the study of law, in the office of Nelson & Converse, I resided about one mile from the office. At that time I owned a "Coach" dog, whom I had trained to remain at home, when I went away, unless I invited him to go with me.

For sometime after I began to go regularly day and evening, the dog remained behind, but one night I stayed late, when, as I returned, I noticed him sitting by the roadside, waiting for me; and after that, no matter what the weather might be, in summer and in winter, that dog would surely be somewhere on the route, ready to escort me home.

But the most singular part of the matter was, that on Sundays he never started out, even if I went that way, but stayed quietly at home. *Did that dog reason, or was his action the result of blind instinct?*"

That same dog evidently had a taste for music. One day, as he was sitting listening to my performance on the violin, it occurred to me to test the extent of his natural and acquired musical ability. So I

dropped down in playing, on to the G string, and in a soft low tone, began a beautiful minor air from Mozart. It was really astonishing to witness the effect on that dog. As the minor tale told by the Violin floated on the air, the tail of the dog which had floated on the air, grew limp, lost its curl, and soon lay stretched out perfectly flat on the floor, while he bowed his head, and drooped his ears, occasionally casting up his eyes to my face, as much as if to say, "Isn't it beautiful?" He was musically mesmerized, dog-gone, "lock, stock and barrel." I now changed to a lively measure. At once his ears pricked up, his tail left the floor, curled up again, and began to wag, keeping time, as I thought, with the music. Soon he arose, and frisked about, his whole demeanor being completely changed; while, as I closed, he said, in his way, very plainly, "Much obliged for the treat; you see I appreciate it." Can any one say, that animal had no music in his doggy soul?

Capt. W—— when the pews in the New Meeting House were sold, purchased one on the right hand side of the Church, and could not be persuaded to buy one on the other side. On being asked the reason, he said he had in mind the words of the Scriptures, Matt. chapter 25, verse 33, "And he shall set the sheep on his right hand; but the goats on the left."

One day, as a man was telling Deacon —— of the shameful talk of a certain neighbor of theirs, and giving the words he used, the Deacon stopped him saying :

“ Don’t repeat his language, it is too bad to speak ; ” but curiosity getting the better of him, he immediately added “ What else did he say ? ”

Just before the Woburn Water Works went into operation, a little girl was inquiring of her father, “ What those pipes in the kitchen were for.” She was told that “ They were put there to get water from the Water Works.” She thought a moment, and then asked, “ Papa, why don’t they have Milk Works ? ”

Mrs. Martha E. S. Curtis contributes the following interesting anecdote relating to Burlington. Cuff Trot a slave of Rev. Thomas Jones, second minister of Woburn Precinct, was in the habit of going to Woburn Centre on horseback to do errands for the family. On one of these occasions he stopped at Bud Parker’s Tavern (Mishawum House), perhaps to quaff a mug of flip. When he came out, some fellows, thinking to make sport of him, began to treat Cuff with mock deference. One unhitched his horse, while another held his stirrups and helped him to mount. But the laugh was not on their side for Cuff, sitting upon his steed in state, took some stray coins from his pocket, and bestowed them upon the would-be wits, with the most genteel condescension.

When Samuel R. Dolliver was Chief of Police of Woburn, as he was one evening walking on Main street near the old “ Sawyer House,” then a tenement house, but now occupied by Mr. Thomas Salmon

as a store ; he espied as he thought, a man just ahead, whom he had been seeking for. He quickened his pace, and so did the man, who ran into the door of said house. Just as he ran in, pursued by Dolliver, two other men, one in his night shirt, and one dressed, came tumbling down stairs clinched, when the dressed man threw the other out the door, into the soft mud, which was then several inches deep outside, but before the Chief could assist him, he jumped up, and ran up stairs. On investigation, the Chief found that he had entered his room, and got into bed, with his wife, together with a large amount of the mud which stuck to him. The Chief recovering from his surprise at this, proceeded to search for his man, but could not find him high or low, till, on going out of the attic he had been searching, as he turned, he saw, by the light of his lantern, something glitter in a large pile of dry tan that was stored there, when on investigation it proved to be one eye of the man he was in search of, whom his friends had buried there to save him from capture.

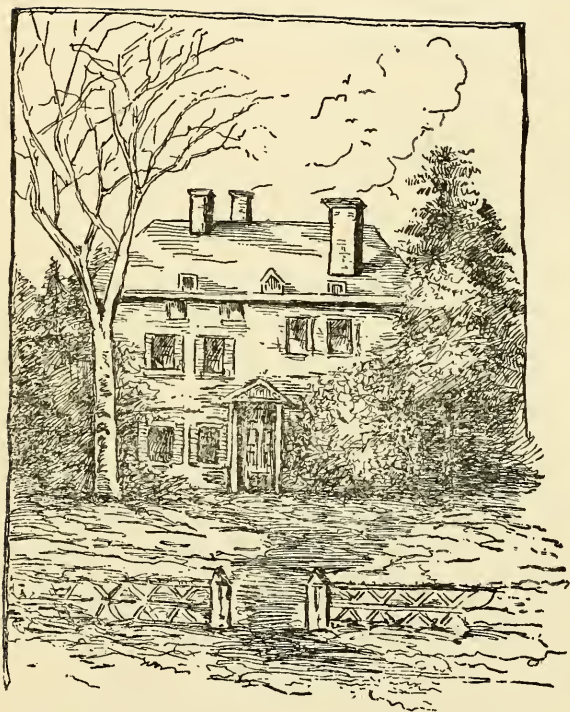
One day in the Trial Justice Court, a defendant named Miles did not appear according to his summons, whereupon one of the counsel said "he was Miles away."

Gen. Oliver Richardson, brother of Daniel, once fought a duel with Joshua Reed. Reed shot in the air, but the General shot him in the leg, saying, "When I fight a duel I make a business of it."

L. T—— in old days when cranberries were hard to sell, once went to Boston with a load. On his return empty, to inquiries, he replied, that he *turned* them first rate all in one place. The next day others went down, but could not dispose of a single quart. On being asked how he managed so well, he coolly informed them, that he could not sell his, but not wishing to be laughed at, he *turned them into the dock*.

Mr. John Leathe once went to Brighton to buy a yoke of oxen. On arriving there, he saw a fine looking pair in charge of a small boy, who said "they must be sold as they were a *little too quick* for father." Leathe who liked a spry pair, soon struck a bargain with the father, who at the right time appeared. The next day he yoked them up, when he found they were a *little too quick* even for him, for they ran out of the field, cart and all, and landed in a heap against an elm. Leathe after that, used to say "Don't put too much faith in the small boy."

Dr. Kittridge had an odd way of talking to patients. In many cases, at first sight, he would discover that biliousness, caused by improper eating, was the trouble. So he would mutter in a low voice, interspersed with an occasional expressive whistle, "Tut, tut, been a fool; bilious. Here, take a few of these pills, and some of these powders, and you'll feel better when you get well."



THE BLACK HORSE TAVERN, SOUTH WOBURN. 1776.

CHRONO-INDEXICAL  
HISTORY OF WOBURN, 1621-1892.



THE need of a Ready Reference, which will at once show, when any important or interesting event in the history of Woburn occurred, has long been felt.

Every day questions relating thereto, are asked in vain, nor can they be answered, without a tedious search through large historical volumes, town or county records, or back files of Newspapers, and many not even then.

This chronologically arranged table has been prepared to meet the requirement. It is hoped that it will answer the purpose.

1621. Woburn or its vicinity first visited by white men.

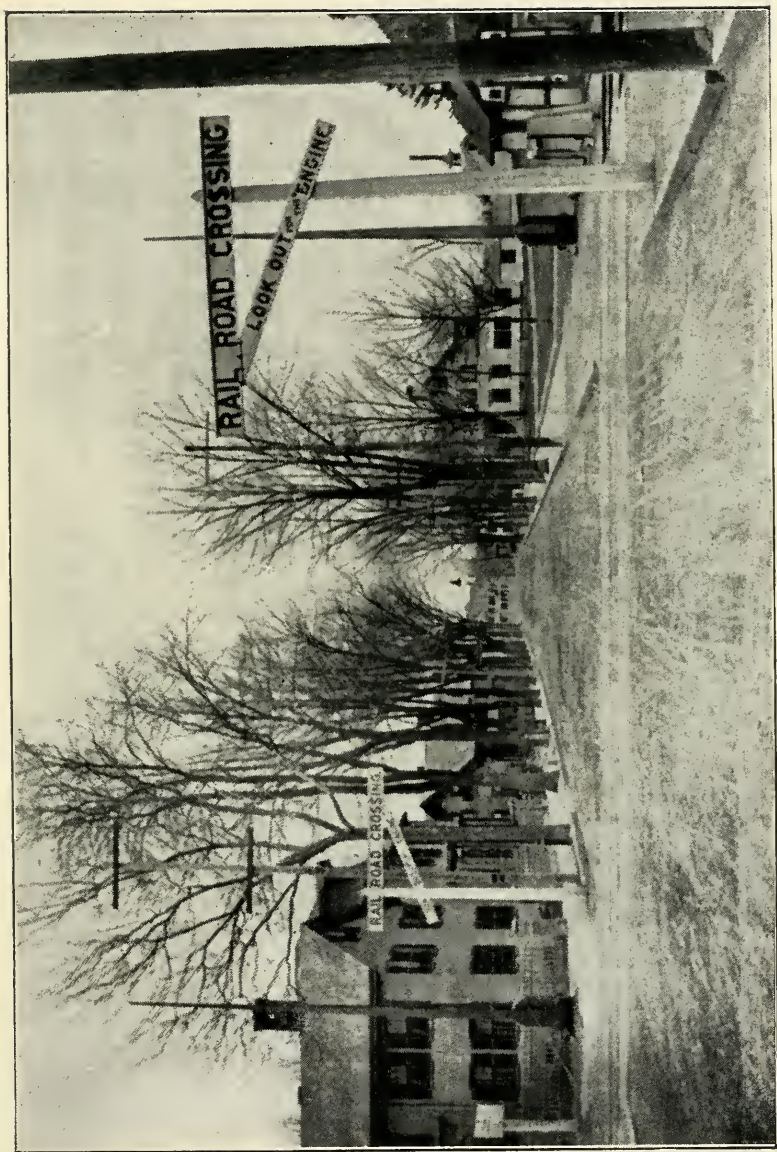
Very mild winter.

1635. Edward Converse and two others sent to explore.

1636. Grants of land made to Ezekiel and Thomas Richardson.

1637. Very mild winter.





PLEASANT STREET, LOOKING WEST FROM THE COMMON, 1892.



1638. Waterfield supply lots laid out and reserved.  
Highway laid out by Edw. Converse and E.  
Richardson.
1640. Woburn a grant by Gen. Court to Charlestown,  
and called Charlestown Village.  
Town explored by Norwell, Converse and  
others.  
Committee searched for the grant of two miles  
square (Woburn) May 15.  
Tree fall, and miraculous escape of party, Sept.  
General Court voted to found Charlestown  
Village, (Woburn.)  
Seven Commissioners, viz.; Edward Converse,  
Edward Johnson, Ezekiel Richardson, John  
Mousall, Thomas Graves, Samuel Richard-  
son and Thomas Richardson appointed to  
settle town, Nov. 5.  
Town boundaries laid out.  
Montvale first selected as the site for the village.  
Woburn Centre selected Nov. 17,  
Capt. Edward Johnson chosen first Town Clerk  
Dec. 18.  
First dwelling-house built (at south part of  
town) by Edward Converse.  
First mill built (at south part of town) by Ed-  
ward Converse.
1641. Woburn Centre confirmed as the site Feb. 29.  
First dwelling-house built there on Reed Es-  
tate near 2d Burial Ground by John Mousall.  
Long Bridge over Horn Pond River made  
Aug. 26.

1641. First lots laid out at Woburn Centre.  
 First marriage in town, George Farley and  
 Christian Births, April 9.  
 First bridge built over Aberjona River, February 10.  
 First Sermon preached in town by Rev. Zach.  
 Symmes, Nov. 21, O. S.  
 First Sermon preached by Rev. Thomas Carter, 1st Pastor, Dec. 4.  
 First birth in town, Increase Winn, son of Edward, December 5.
1642. Town of Woburn incorporated Sept. 27, O. S.,  
 Oct. 7, N. S.  
 Act of incorporation reads, "Charlestowne  
 Village is called Wooborne."  
 Town named from Woburn, England, for Gen.  
 Robert Sedgwick.  
 First death in town, Hannah Richardson,  
 April 8.  
 First church built on Southerly side Common  
 about this time.  
 First church gathered 7 members, Aug. 14, O.  
 S., or 24, N. S.  
 First minister, Rev. Thomas Carter ordained,  
 Nov. 22, O. S., by laying on of hands by 2  
 laymen.  
 First Parsonage commenced March 1, on lot  
 now S. Wood Homestead.  
 First Burial Ground laid out, Park Street.  
 Woburn the 20th town in Mass. Colony as to  
 time of incorporation and 30th in the State.

1642. Salary of Rev. Thomas Carter 80 pounds a year.

By law children were to be catechised once a week.

About 30 families in town.

About 150 inhabitants.

1643. First general town meeting held, Nov. 9.

Absence from public meeting without excuse a fine of 18 pence.

Edward Converse, E. Richardson and others appointed a committee to lay out road to Cambridge.

1644. First Town Meeting held for organization April 13. Same day chose first town officers, viz.: Edward Johnson, Edward Converse, John Mousall, William Learned, Ezekiel Richardson, Samuel Richardson and James Thompson, Selectmen, William Learned, Constable and 3 Highway Surveyors.

Great snow storms.

Partition agreement made between Lynn Village (Reading) and Woburn, May 29.

First streets laid out.

Upstreet, Sawpit Lane and Military Lane laid out, November.

1645. Pay of deputy to General Court, sixpence per day and board.

1646. Road to Reading commenced.

Highway to Mistick Bridge (Medford) laid out.

- 1646. Plain Street and Driver's Lane laid out.
- 1647. Richardson's Row Road laid out.  
Ezekiel Richardson one of original founders  
died October 21.
- 1651. Thomas Richardson one of original founders  
died Aug. 28.
- 1652. 60 families in town.  
74 members of the church.  
First silver money coined by the State seen in  
town.
- 1653. Petition to Gen. Court for Christian liberty  
presented.  
Thomas Graves one of original founders died.
- 1654. Johnson's Wonder Working Providence Book,  
pub. in London.
- 1656. New Bridge, (North Woburn) named for new-  
bridge over river.
- 1657. Samuel Richardson one of original founders,  
died, March 23.
- 1660. Highway to Mistick again laid out.  
Burbeen Garrison House (Main, op. Church  
street) built this year or soon after.
- 1661. Baldwin House N. Wob. blt. by Henry Baldwin.
- 1663. Edward Converse one of original founders died  
August 10.  
Great Earthquake.
- 1665. John Mousall one of original founders died,  
March 27.  
Joshua Reed Garrison House (on Francis Wy-  
man Farm, Coytemore Grant, Burlington)  
near Billerica line, built about this time.

1668. Gershom Flagg had a tannery just back of Unitarian and Baptist Churches.
1669. Samuel Converse killed by water wheel (in Mill at South Woburn) Feb. 20.
1670. Woman killed by an Indian at Woburn Precinct. (Havenville, Burlington.)  
Child born without breast or backbone, said to be punishment for believing in Baptist doctrines.  
First practitioner of medicine in town as per records, Susanna Brooks.
1671. Court ordered that the selectmen go round and see if the children are catechised according to law.  
An Indian hung in chains for murdering a maid, Sept. 8.  
Joseph Wright indicted for connection with the practices of the Baptists.
1672. Edward Johnson Town Clerk from 1640 to this year.  
Second Meeting house built on hill east of Common. Only 3 pews ever permitted to be built in said church, and remain.  
Edward Johnson last survivor of the original founders died.  
William Johnson, his son, chosen Town Clerk.
1673. First school as per records kept by Mrs. Allen Converse and Mrs. Joseph Wright. Pay for both, 5 shillings for the year and board.
1674. First public schoolmaster Jonathan Thompson.



1674. First public schoolmistress Mrs. Allen Converse.  
 Pay for both of above, \$5 for the year and board.  
 Two Selectmen fined for non-attendance at meeting, six pence each.  
 Bylaw no person could harbor a stranger over 3 days without consent of the Selectmen.
1675. An Indian killed by a white man on the training field, Woburn Centre, October.  
 Woburn soldiers sent to King Philip's war.  
 First known tavern kept by Samuel Walker.  
 Said Walker was the first person licensed to sell intoxicating liquor.  
 Said Walker was fined 20 shillings for improper sale of liquor.  
 Joshua Converse Garrison House built about this time.
1676. Hopetill Foster fined for oppression in charging inordinate wages.  
 Samuel Richardson's wife and children killed by Indians, April 10.  
 9 Tithingmen chosen to have oversight of their neighbors.  
 Town paid Allen Converse for keeping school 2 years, \$5 and board.  
 Irish Charity sent to sufferers by Indian Wars, Woburn had a share.  
 Town paid persons for killing wolves, 10 shillings each.  
 Town furnished 58 soldiers for King Philip's Indian War.

1676. Town appointed 26 men to look after boys in the Meetinghouse, 2 at a time.
1677. Drunken men fined.  
Town paid for killing more wolves, 10 shillings each.
1678. Meetinghouse enlarged.  
Men fined for being drunk.  
Town paid Allen Converse's wife, keeping school 1 year, 10 shillings and board.  
Small-pox very prevalent.
1680. Widow Allen Converse kept school 1 year, pay 10 shillings and board.
1680. 9 Tithingmen chosen to inspect the doings of people.  
92 families in town.  
Newton's great comet appeared.
1681. First pauper in town, George Wilkinson.
1683. Town paid for 3 quarts of rum for his funeral.
1684. Rev. Thomas Carter died.  
Town paid for 14 gal. of wine for his funeral.
1685. 100 families in town-  
A maid was said to be possessed of an evil spirit.  
First Grammar School, Thomas Carter, teacher.  
Pay \$25 per year and board. No scholars appeared.
1686. Town again hired Carter as teacher. Pay \$25, if scholars. If none, 30 shillings.  
Widow Walker kept school 1 year for 10 shillings and board.

- 1686. Women reproved by the authorities for extravagance in dress.
- 1688. Measles very prevalent.  
Maj. James Converse chosen Town Clerk.  
Remarkable drought in Spring.
- 1692. Capt. John Carter died, Sept. 14.  
Town 50 years old.  
About 550 population.  
Capt. Converse's great fight with Indians, at Welles, Maine.  
Mrs. Walker appointed to keep school 1 year, salary 7 shillings and board.
- 1694. Mrs. Walker appointed to keep school 1 year, Salary 10 shillings and board.
- 1695. First Town Treasurer elected.
- 1698. Cutler (Simonds) House, Cummingsville, erected.
- 1700. First place provided by town to keep school in.  
Tax payers in town, 187.  
John Fox taught grammar school 4 mos. for \$45.
- 1701. Total of births in town as per records up to this year, 1313.  
Total of deaths in town as per records up to this year, 340.
- 1702. John Fox taught grammar school 1 year, salary \$90.
- 1706. Major James Converse son of Ensign James Converse, died July 8.
- 1708. 225 polls in town.  
Total value of real estate in town 22 pounds, 8 shillings, 3 pence.

- 1708. Woburn 4th town in County for population and wealth.
- 1709. Meetinghouse again enlarged.
- 1710. R. Wadsworth kept grammar school 6 months for \$60, and board.
- 1712. First recorded non-resident physician, Dr. James Kittredge.
- 1713. First pew built and used in church, by Col. Jonathan Tyng.  
First school-house erected (by private subscription).
- 1714. Count Rumford's birth-place, North Woburn, built about this time.
- 1715. Ensign James Converse died May 10. (Son of Dea. Edward Converse.)
- 1717. Very deep snows.
- 1719. First resident physician, Dr. Peters.
- 1724. Samuel Blodgett born, April 1.  
Col. Jonathan Tyng died January 19.
- 1725. 305 tax payers in town.  
Lovewell's fight, Paugus slain, May 19, N. S. Woburn soldiers there.
- 1727. Great earthquake, Oct. 29.
- 1729. Rev. Edward Jackson, ord., 6 1-2 B. cider, 25 G. wine, 2 do brandy, 4 do rum, furnished.
- 1730. Wilmington set off.  
Second Parish, (Woburn Precinct, Burlington) incorporated Sept. 27.  
Salary of Rev. M. Fox, \$400.
- 1732. Meeting-house in Woburn Precinct (Burlington), built, cost \$943.17.

- 1734. Town sold 2000 acres of land.
- 1735. First minister in Woburn Precinct settled,  
Rev. Supply Clapp.  
Two Indians came to Old Converse House,  
viz.: Joel Suckermug and Tim Squawk.
- 1742. Town 100 years old.  
Population about 1400.
- 1745. Col. Loammi Baldwin born, January 10.
- 1748. Third Meetinghouse raised, Parish furnished  
2 bbls. cider, 20 gal. rum to raise it with.
- 1751. Prince Walker sold as a slave, July 10.  
First Episcopal Society formed. First services  
held in Old Simonds House.
- 1752. Third Meetinghouse (on Common) finished.
- 1753. Count Rumford born, March 26.
- 1755. Great Earthquake.
- 1756. David Cummings commenced tanning on es-  
tate late used by Hon. John Cummings.
- 1758. John Fowle noted teacher kept school 1758 to  
1770.
- 1759. Old Cutler House owned by Benj. Simonds,  
Episcopal Society held services there.
- 1760. Town had but one Schoolhouse up to this time.  
Bears seen on Old Converse Place, Salem St.  
about this time.  
West part of old house on do., moved off as  
the portion of Sarah Converse.
- 1761. Great Gale.
- 1763. Black Horse Tavern (South Woburn) built  
about this time.
- 1765. Population 1575.

1765. Number of dwelling-houses 228.
1770. Remarkable storm.
1771. Great freshets.
1772. Meeting-house enlarged.
1773. 20 persons frozen to death.  
Graded schools est. 1760 to 1775.
1774. Very mild winter.
1775. Asahel Porter killed at Battle of Lexington,  
April 19.  
Daniel Thompson killed at Battle of Lexington.  
His blood is on floor of the Capt. Isaac  
Richardson house, Central Square.  
Nathaniel Kendall killed by Benj. Edgell's  
stallion.  
Hancock, Adams and Dorothy Quincy con-  
cealed at house of Mad. Jones at Woburn  
Precinct, April 19.  
Small-pox very prevalent.  
First British prisoners of the Revolution con-  
fined in dwelling house of Capt. James  
Reed, Woburn Precinct, April 19.  
Tax payers in town, 311.  
Last bear killed on Jacob Ames' farm, New  
Boston.
- 1776, Washington entertained at Black Horse Tav-  
ern, South Woburn.  
Population, 1691.
1777. Hurricane tore off roof Woburn Precinct  
Church, Aug. 15.
1780. Dark Day, May 19.
1781. First Baptist Church organized, June 16.

1783. First financial panic known.  
First Pastor of the Baptist Church, Rev. Thos. Green, installed Nov. 17.  
Tax payers in town, 332.
1784. Meeting-house Hill surveyed for sale.
1785. Ichabod Parker's Hotel, (Mishawum House) opened May.  
The Ark Tavern nearly opp. then kept by Bartholomew Richardson.  
Last deer killed in town by — Fisk on mountain, opposite Old Tay Tavern, North Woburn.  
Small-pox very prevalent.
1789. Social Library founded.  
Simeon Reed sold his wife to James Butters of Wilmington for a yoke of oxen, valued at \$40.  
First lawyer in Woburn, Joseph Bartlett, Esq., commenced practice.  
Influenza epidemic.
1790. Inhabitants in town, 1,727.  
Influenza epidemic.  
Black House, Central Sq., raised Aug. 25, Jos. Bartlett owner.  
Black House, so-called, because it was painted black.
1791. Hannah Winship (Boutelle) born in Woburn, March 25, died in Ohio, April 10, 1892, aged 101 years, 16 days.
1792. School Districts first established.  
Town 150 years old.



1792. Small-pox very prevalent.  
 Town voted to raise for expenses, 581 pounds,  
 8 shillings.  
 Population about 1750.
1793. Fourth of July celebrated in town for the first  
 time.  
 Proprietors of Middlesex Canal incor. June 22.
1794. New Burying Place, Montvale ave., established  
 by the Parish.  
 James Walker, Pres. Harvard College, born  
 here August 16.  
 First Baptist Church, Main Street, finished.  
 Rev. Joseph Burbeen died.
1795. Nine Schoolhouses erected at a cost of \$2000.  
 Town voted to raise 773 pounds, 12 shillings,  
 for the year.
1796. Zeb. Wyman opened store opposite Common.  
 A. Thompson opened store at New Bridge.
1797. First U. S. Post Office in Woburn (at Misha-  
 wum House.)  
 Ichabod Parker first postmaster. Appointed  
 October 3.  
 Cavalry Company formed.  
 First Baptist Church established.
1798. First School exhibition in town.  
 Resident tax payers, 353.
1799. Burlington set off. February 28.  
 Raised for School purposes, \$300.  
 Great display of shooting stars, November 12.
1800. Great Centennial Jubilee at Blodgett House,  
 North Woburn.

1800. Town raised by vote \$2227.82 for the year.  
 Dwelling-houses in town, 156.  
 Hawker's Square (now Central Square) so  
 named about this time, because it was then  
 a great resort for produce venders.  
 Only one painted house in town as per records.  
 Population 1228, including 18 colored persons.  
 Town raised for school purposes, \$350.  
 Shoe shops in town, 22.  
 Currying shops in town, 2.  
 Saw mills in town, 3.  
 Grist mills in town, 7.  
 Only one store in town.  
 Public services held on death of Gen. Wash-  
 ington.  
 Meeting-house stood on Common.
1801. First Instrumental Band established "Woburn  
 Clarionet Band," 7 pieces.
1802. John Wade opened store on Main st., Woburn  
 Centre. Capital for same, \$170.  
 First boats ran on Middlesex Canal. Apr. 22.  
 Saw mills in town, 3.  
 Grist mills in town, 7.  
 Uncommon deep snow. Hard winter.
1803. Middlesex Canal opened for business.  
 Rev. Jacob Coggin died,  
 Second financial panic.
1804. Rev. Joseph Chickering ordained. March 28,  
 at "Bud Parker's Tavern.  
 Great snow storms.
1806. First Almshouse.

1806. First mail stage.
1807. Clapp House, (Brick Tavern) raised and fell,  
 July 14, 3 killed, 20 wounded.  
 Charitable Religious Library founded.  
 Col. Loammi Baldwin died, October 20.
1808. Meeting-house on Common burned, June 17.  
 Great thunder storm, much damage done  
 July 17.
1809. Fourth Meeting-house, cor. Pleasant and Winn  
 streets, dedicated June 17.  
 Dea. Tidd House, Main street, raised May 23,  
 a piece from Horn Pond Island added after.
1810. Cold Friday, January 19, two men frozen to  
 death, Joseph and Benjamin Brooks.  
 Town voted to raise \$2086.12 for the year.  
 Population 1219.  
 December 25, first called Christmas.
1811. Great Comet appeared.  
 Very great Snow drifts 10 feet deep, Feb. 4.  
 Candlemas Day first so named.  
 First Baptist Church incorporated.
1812. Powder House on Powder House Hill, built  
 by town.
1813. Cuff Trot, a former slave of Rev. Thomas  
 Jones, Woburn Precinct, died.
1814. Gen. A. Thompson commenced tanning near  
 corner Cambridge and Russell streets, \$2  
 capital.
1815. Famous September gale.  
 Charitable Reading Society of Congregational  
 Church organized June 21.

- 1815. U. S. License to A. Thompson as tanner, October 21.
- 1817. First Universalist Meeting held.  
First elephant in U. S. exhib. in shed of Wood's Tavern, where the National Bank Block now stands, admission ninepence.
- 1818. Baptist Sunday School, org. May, 339 scholars.  
First Cong. Sunday School, org. June 17, 575 scholars.
- 1819. Third financial panic.
- 1820. Population 1519.
- 1823. Washington Light Infantry char. July 5.  
Benj. F. Thompson commenced a tannery at Cummingsville.
- 1824. Montvale ave. Burial Place purchased by Town of Parish.
- 1825. Prince Walker, colored man, died, aged 115 years.
- 1827. Warren Academy founded.  
First Universalist Society organized.
- 1828. Second Baptist Church, Pleasant St., finished.  
First Baptist Church leased to Universalist Society.  
Salem street laid out.  
First Fire Engine "The Woburn," purchased by Town.  
Warren Academy opened.
- 1829. First Universalist Church (now the Armory) dedicated December 23.  
First Universalist Minister, Rev. Otis A. Skinner, settled December 23.

1829. Great flight of Wild Pigeons. Immense number killed.
1830. Woburn Agricultural and Mechanic Association incorporated March 5.  
Population 1977.  
Henry Clay entertained at Mishawum House.  
Warren Academy incorporated.  
Friction matches introduced about this time.
1831. Steel Pens first used in town.
1832. Great display of Shooting Stars, Nov. 13.
1833. Immense display of Shooting Stars, Nov. 13.  
John Mousall House, first built in Woburn Centre, burned.
1834. Dunham's Pond, near Central Square, drained about this time by Abel Wyman, John C. Brackett and Benj. Wood, owners of the land.
1835. First train of cars on Boston & Lowell R. R. ran a trial trip on May 27, drawn by the "Stephenson" engine, 15 tons weight.  
Boston and Lowell Railroad opened for business, Wednesday, June 24.  
Baptist Vestry used for Town Meetings for several years about this time.  
Park street a lane ending at Slaughter House of Reed & Tweed opposite First Burying Ground.  
Young Men's Library founded.  
Woburn Mechanic Phalanx organized Oct. 1.
1837. Population 2600.  
Town raised \$4768.26 for the year.

1837. Four tanneries in Town, 77 hands in do.  
 383 men, 320 women employed in the Shoe  
 business.  
 Fourth financial panic.  
 One Congregational Church, one Universalist  
 Church and two Baptist Churches in town.
1838. Warren Academy burned,  
 Town raised \$4160.47 for the year.  
 Independent Baptist Church organized.  
 Warren Academy new building finished.
1839. Woburn Sentinel paper commenced. First  
 newspaper in Woburn.  
 Town voted \$1200 for support of schools.
1840. Population 2993.  
 North Woburn Library founded, Nov. 19.  
 First Congregational Church, South Woburn,  
 organized and Church built, Rev. George  
 P. Smith, first Pastor.  
 Woburn Gazette commenced.  
 Fifth Meetinghouse, cor. Pleasant and Winn  
 streets, dedicated December 31.  
 Art of Vulcanizing rubber discovered by Good-  
 year at Montvale about this time.
1841. Fowle Tavern (Central House estate) taken  
 down.  
 Central House built by Joseph Rollins.  
 Town raised \$7386.16 for the year.
1842. Central House Stable built.  
 Woburn Marion Band, 22 pieces, formed.  
 Crystal Fount Lodge, No. 9, I. O. O. F., insti-  
 tuted April 6.

1842. Remarkable mild winter.  
 Town 200 years old.  
 Population about 3000.
1843. Seizure of game cocks, etc., at Horn Pond  
 House, February 5.  
 The gamblers were tried in the Baptist Vestry.  
 The cocks and implements were destroyed on  
 on the Common.  
 First Catholic Church in Woburn.  
 Second Universalist Society formed.  
 Old Baptist Church, Main street, moved off  
 1843 to 1846.  
 Central House kept by Henry Flagg.  
 Great Comet appeared.  
 Wild pig hunt.  
 Second Universalist Church, cor. Main and  
 Walnut streets, dedicated, November 22.
1844. Woburn Branch Railroad opened for business.  
 Eli Cooper engineer on first train.  
 New England Family newspaper commenced.
1845. Woburn Cemetery, Salem street, dedicated  
 October 20.  
 Only one dwelling-house in Highland District,  
 J. G. Pollard's.
1846. Woburn Gazette (2d) commenced.  
 Two Congregational, two Baptist and one  
 Universalist Church in town.  
 Woburn Weekly Advertiser commenced.  
 Woburn Guide Post commenced.  
 Congregational Church, North Woburn, or-  
 ganized, Rev. Samuel Sewall first pastor.



- 1846. Congregational Church, North Woburn, Sunday School, organized Nov., 150 scholars.
- 1847. First Unitarian Society formed.  
Woburn A. & M. Association burglarized August 5.
- 1848. South Woburn Library Association established March 20.
- 1849. Congregational Church, North Woburn, legally organized, March 1.  
Congregational Church building, N. Woburn, dedicated October 11.
- 1850. Leather shops in town, 13.  
Boot and shoe shops in town, 26.  
Methodist Sunday School organized August 1, 141 scholars.  
Population 3956.  
Number of dwelling-houses 617.  
Winchester set off.
- 1851. Methodist Episcopal Church established.  
Woburn Fire Department established.  
Woburn Journal established.
- 1852. First Unitarian Parish established.  
Very mild winter.  
First High School established.
- 1853. Woburn Bank incorporated.  
Unitarian Sunday School, organized, May, 65 scholars.
- 1854. St. Charles (Rom. Catholic) Church organized.  
Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank, incorp.  
Dr. Augustus Plympton died of Asiatic Cholera June 12.

1855. Young Men's Literary Association, organized  
November 7.  
Lyceum Hall Association organized.  
Woburn 30th town as to time of incorporation  
of the 331 cities and town in Mass..
1855. Clapp House, Central Square, taken down,  
August.  
First Public Library established March.
1856. Lyceum Hall built.  
First Public Library opened.  
Mt. Horeb Lodge of Masons instituted.
1857. Irish Literary Association instituted.  
Pippy's Circulating Library instituted.  
Woburn Budget commenced.  
First Baptist Church, additional Act of Incorporation.  
Fifth financial panic.
1858. Col. John Wade died, July.  
Burbeen Garrison House, on Main, opposite  
Church street, taken down.  
Donati's Comet appeared.
1859. Natural History Society organized.  
Catholic Cemetery, Montvale, consecrated.  
Great display of Aurora Borealis, Sept. 2.
1860. First Congregational Church, Main street, cor.  
Church ave., dedicated October 31.  
Town first adopted a seal.  
Population 6287.  
Valuation \$4,504,341.  
Tax rate \$6.42.  
Number of dwelling-houses 988.

1861. Woburn Union Guard, organized July 27.  
 Great snow storm, March.  
 Valuation, \$4,564,384.  
 Town raised \$26,779.10.  
 Tax rate, \$5.30.  
 Number of dwelling-houses, 1074.
1862. Woburn Mechanic Phalanx War Company,  
 organized August 14.  
 Population 6,500.  
 Number of polls, 1760.  
 Tax rate, \$5.80.  
 Valuation, \$4,653,406.  
 First National Bank Block erected.  
 Woburn National Rangers, organized Aug. 5.
1864. Woburn Townsman commenced.  
 Second Company Woburn Mechanic Phalanx  
 formed July 6.  
 Hon. Bowen Buckman died November 16.  
 Harris Guard left for seat of War, October 30.  
 Valuation \$4,986,549.  
 One Hundred Days Company left for seat of  
 War, July 28.
1865. 203 men 105 women employed in making boots  
 and shoes.  
 First National Bank of Woburn chartered.  
 Good Samaritan Lodge, I. O. G. T., instituted  
 October 17.  
 Number of polls, 1897.  
 Valuation \$5,212,476.  
 Tax rate \$16.  
 Amount raised by town for the year \$87,432.37.

1865. Schoolhouses in town, 12.  
 Population 7,003.  
 Four patent and enamelled leather shops in town with 58 hands.  
 Unitarian Church, cor. Pleasant and Winn Streets dedicated April 12.  
 Tanning and Currying Shops in town, 21, with 554 hands.
1866. Unitarian Society of North Woburn established  
 Number of Schools, 28, teachers, 30, pupils 1,483.  
 Young Men's Library Christian Association, North Woburn, established July 17.  
 North Woburn Street Railroad opened.  
 Protestant Episcopal Church Sunday School organized, 40 scholars.  
 Great display of Shooting Stars, November 14.
1867. Ancient Order of Hibernians, Division 3, organized September 20.  
 Great snow storm January 17, trains blocked all night, 22 degrees below zero.  
 Great display of Shooting Stars, November 14.  
 Grosvenor & Co's Circulating Library established.  
 First Episcopal Church organized.  
 Celebration of 100th birthday of Joshua Converse in Lyceum Hall, January 21.  
 First telegraphic message sent from Woburn January 22, by S. Horton.  
 Burbank Post, No. 33, G. A. R., chartered November 5.

- 1867. Mishawum Club incorporated.
- 1868. Celtic Association organized, March 4.  
       First Episcopal Church built.  
       Gen. Abijah Thompson died June 7.  
       Great display of Shooting Stars, November 14.  
       Joshua Converse died February 5, aged 101  
       years, 16 days.
- 1869. Dedication of Soldiers' Monument on Common  
       October 14.  
       First Unitarian Parish Sunday School Library  
       established.  
       First Catholic Church, Main St., consecrated.
- 1870. First Baptist Church Sunday School Library  
       established.  
       Population 8,560.  
       Valuation \$7,823,555.  
       Number of dwelling-houses 1,323.  
       Tax rate \$13.
- 1871. Woburn Advertiser commenced.  
       St. Charles Catholic T. A. Society organized.
- 1872. National Band Association organized Novem-  
       ber.  
       Great display of Shooting Stars November 27.  
       Young Independent Paper commenced.  
       Great display of Northern Lights February 4.  
       Population 9,350.  
       Number of polls, 2,891.  
       Valuation \$8,718,000.
- 1873. Great fire on Main street corner Walnut,  
       March 6.  
       Tax rate, \$15.70.

1873. Sixth financial panic.  
 Hon. J. B. Winn died, December 12.  
 Water first let on to Woburn Water Works,  
 October 9.
1874. Loyal Orange Ins. of U. S., No. Surrender  
 Lodge, 110, organized October 24.
1875. United Order of Golden Cross, Woburn C.,  
 68, organized September 19.  
 First Baptist Church rebuilt.  
 Our Paper commenced.  
 Charles Bowers Winn, donor of Woburn Public  
 Library, died December 19.
1876. Winn Public Library bequest accepted by  
 Town.  
 North Woburn Chapel Association incor-  
 porated.  
 North Woburn Chapel dedicated, December.  
 Valuation, \$8,663,009.  
 Tax rate, \$16.60.  
 Masonic Mutual Relief Association of Mt.  
 Horeb Lodge organized December 15.  
 Silent Worker Paper commenced.  
 Ancient Order of Hibernians, Division 18,  
 organized.  
 Walnut Hill Shooting Range established.  
 Converse Garrison House, Salem street, taken  
 down.
1877. Woburn Brass Band organized September 1.  
 Very mild winter.  
 Rumford Historical Association organized Mar.  
 26.

1877. Knights of Honor, Rumford Lodge, 618, instituted.
1878. Young Men's Christian Association organized February 16.  
 Royal Arcanum, Baldwin Council, 125, organized July 24.  
 St. Josephs' Church (Roman Catholic) organized.  
 Weekly Independent commenced.  
 Valuation, \$8,150,730.  
 Tax rate, \$13.50.
1879. Winn Public Library opened May 1.  
 Very mild winter.  
 Woburn Item commenced.  
 Petition of women of Woburn to be taxed for purpose of voting, July 4.
1880. Perseverance Lodge, S. of T., Division 6, organized November 24.  
 United Order of Pilgrim Fathers, Brewster Colony, 19, organized June 30.  
 Population, 10,931.  
 Dwelling-houses, 1,691.  
 Women of Woburn first voted for School Committee.
- Knights of Labor organized, November 9.
1881. Dark or yellow day, September 6.  
 Grattan Echo commenced.  
 Hope Degree Lodge, Daughters of Rebeka instituted.  
 American Legion of Honor, Woburn Council, (First) 774, organized November 28.



1881. Massachusetts Catholic Order of Foresters,  
Quealy Court, organized, March 6.
1882. Fourth District Court of Eastern Middlesex,  
established July 1.  
Parker L. Converse appointed Justice of Court.  
Edward F. Johnson, appointed Clerk of Court.  
Population, 11,759.  
Tax rate, \$19.00.  
Woburn Courier commenced.  
Public Telephone first opened, January 10.  
Bellevue Club, organized October 16.
1883. Woburn Women's Club, founded February 23.  
Tax rate, \$15.70.  
New Congregational Church, North Woburn,  
built.  
Hon. Charles Choate died.  
Population, 11,454.
1884. New Congregational Church, North Woburn,  
dedicated February 19.  
Tax rate, \$20.00.  
Union Weekly established.  
Woburn Post, 161, G. A. R., instituted Jan-  
uary 23.
1885. First Passenger Train over Woburn Loop of  
B. & L. R. R., Woburn to Wilmington,  
November 30.  
First Passenger Train over Woburn Loop,  
Boston to Wilmington, December 14.  
Said Woburn Loop opened for public travel,  
December 14.  
Mishawum Club incorporated.

1885. Population, 11,750.  
 Woburn Board of Trade, organized March 25.  
 Electric Lights first introduced in town,  
 July 21.
1886. Innitou Canoe Club, organized May 20.  
 Lewis Music School, established September.  
 St. John Baptist Church (colored), organized  
 November 18.  
 Tax rate, \$16.60.  
 Home for Aged Women, established October 5.  
 East Middlesex Street R. R. commenced  
 November.  
 Firemens' Relief Association, organized July  
 14.  
 Ancient Order of United Workmen, organized  
 June 2.
1887. Home for Aged Women, incorporated February 25.  
 Woburn Co-operative Bank, organized February 10.  
 Woburn Co-operative Bank, incorporated February 21.  
 Burbank Womens' Relief Corps, 84, organized  
 March 17.  
 Woburn Womens' Relief Corps, 83, organized  
 March 17.  
 Woburn Equal Suffrage League, organized  
 February 5.  
 Improved Order of Red Men, Shawsheen Tribe,  
 49, organized October 4.

1887. Population, 12,760.  
 Tax rate, \$18.80.  
 Number of dwelling-houses, 2,007.  
 Royal Order of Good Fellows, Aberjona A, 90,  
 instituted June 16.
1888. Benjamin E. Bond appointed Clerk of Fourth  
 District Court vice E. F. Johnson resigned.  
 East Middlesex Street R. R. opened for travel  
 July 2.  
 Tax rate \$19.70.  
 City of Woburn incorporated June 12, vote for  
 charter 966 to 32.  
 First election under charter December 4.  
 Edward F. Johnson elected first Mayor.  
 Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank Block  
 erected.  
 Dow's Block, Main street erected.  
 Order of United American Mechanics, Liberty  
 Council, No. 38, organized November 27.  
 Equitable Aid Union, Woburn Lodge, No.  
 682, organized November 7.  
 United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners  
 of America, 421, organized June 7.  
 Woburn High School Battalion organized.  
 Woburn Veteran Firemen's Association, or-  
 ganized April 10.  
 Post-office free delivery commenced October 1.  
 Great blizzard.  
 Very mild winter.  
 Number of polls, 3,672.  
 Number of dwelling-houses, 2,085.

1888. Valuation \$8,575,000.
1889. Daughters of Pocahontas, Nahmeokee Lodge,  
17, organized January 6.  
Net City debt January 1, \$461,746.74.  
Number of dwelling-houses, 2,145.  
Tax rate \$17.20.
1890. Woburn Daily City Press established.  
Salvation Army organized, January 7.  
Board of Erin instituted, April 21.  
Woburn News commenced July 19.  
Ashley Hall School, Montvale, opened September 26.  
Woburn Water Works first self-sustaining.  
New Methodist Episcopal Church, Main street,  
built.  
Tax rate, \$16.50.  
Deacon Tidd House moved. A piece of it  
came from Horn Pond Island.  
Woburn Encampment, No. 72, I. O. O. F.,  
organized December 12,  
Daughters of Liberty, Martha Washington  
Council, 14, organized February 22.
1891. Woburn Woman's Club, incorporated Mar. 4.  
Edward F. Johnson appointed Justice Fourth  
District Court vice Converse resigned July 1.  
Epidemic of La Grippe.  
Warren Academy Free Industrial School, es-  
tablished April.  
Scandinavian Evangelical Church, Montvale  
ave., built.  
Seventh financial panic.

1891. Number of polls, 3,745.  
 Number of persons assessed, 5,673.  
 Acres of land assessed, 7,611.  
 Valuation, \$9,130,384.  
 Tax rate, \$15.70.  
 Number of dwelling-houses, 2,290 1-2.  
 Streets and Courts in the City, 197.  
 Length of Streets and Courts in all about 63 miles.  
 First regular resident female physician, Alice G. Bryant, M. D.
1892. Number of Schools, 48.  
 Number of Scholars, 2561.  
 Number of Teachers, 56.  
 Volumes in Winn Public Library, 30,000.  
 Sixty Oil paintings and seven pieces of sculpture in Public Library.  
 Woburn Board of Trade, incorporated May.  
 Innitou Canoe Club, 20 members, 21 canoes.  
 Woburn A. & M. Association surrendered its charter.  
 Brilliant display of Northern Lights, Feb. 13.  
 Hannah Winship, (Boutelle) a native of Woburn, died in Ohio, April 10, aged 101 years, 16 days.  
 Electric power first used on East Middlesex Street R. R., July 7 on one car.  
 Driest April for many years.  
 April 3 the warmest April day for 22 years, 80 degrees in the shade.  
 Population about 14,000.

1892. The Rev. Thomas Carter's Parsonage built in 1642, is now a part of the Sylvanus Wood house, on Pleasant street, near the Common, and has 12 outside doors.

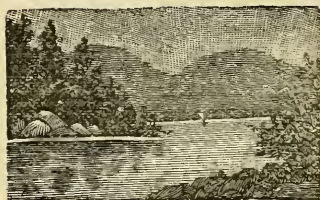
Woburn 250 years old, September 27, O. S.,  
October 7, N. S.

Number of marriages in town, 1640—1872,  
7,662.

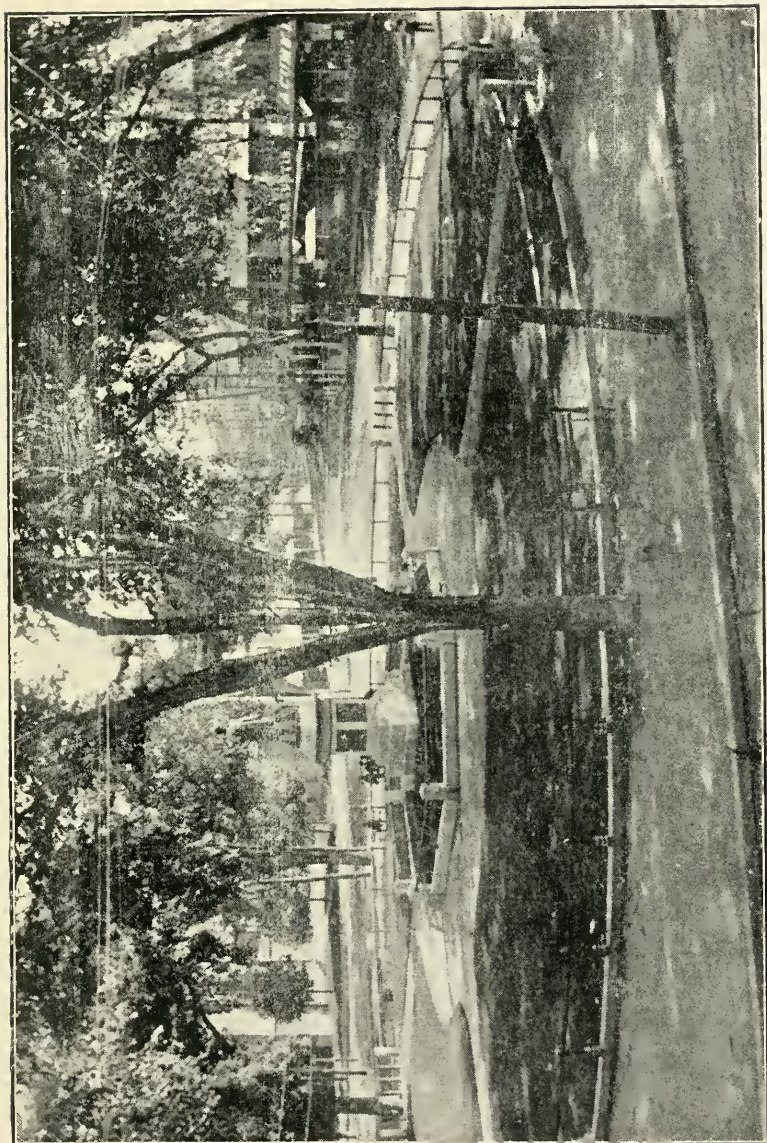
Number of births in town, 1641—1890, 19,188.

Number of deaths in town, 1640—1872, 6,326.

Cars first ran regular trips by electric power,  
over East Middlesex Street R. R., Sunday,  
July 24.



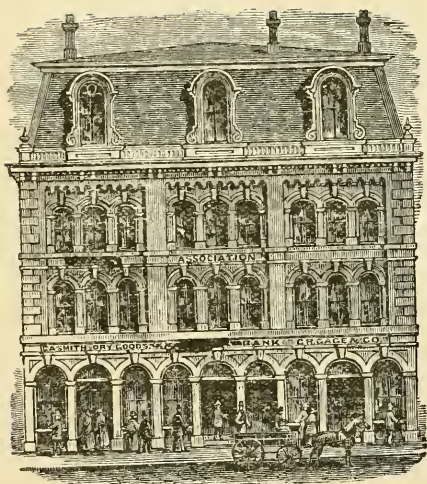




WOBURN CENTRE IN 1892, FROM THE MUNICIPAL BUILDING.







FIRST NATIONAL BANK BLOCK, WOBURN.

## Lines in Verse.

BY CAPTAIN EDWARD JOHNSON.

1640.

*Woburn Records, Vol. I, Page 1.*

“ PAULISPER FUI.”<sup>1</sup>

In peniles age I Woburne Towne began :  
 Charls Towne first mou'd the Court my lins to span :  
 To vewe my land place, Compild body Reare, 2  
 Nowell, Sims, Sedgwick, thes my patrons were.  
 Sum fearing Ile grow great upon these grownds, 3  
 Poore I wase putt to nurs among the Clownes ; 4  
 Who being taken with such myghty things  
 As had bin work of Noble Queeins and Kings,  
 Till Babe gan crye & great disturbance make,  
 Nurses Repent they did har undertake.  
 One leaues har quite ; an other hee doth hie 5  
 To foren lands free from the Baby's crye :  
 To more of seauen, seing nursing proud soe thwarte, 6  
 Thought it more ease in following of the Carte,  
 A naighbour by, 7 hopeing the Babe wold bee  
 A pritty Girle, to Rocking har went hee.  
 Too 8 nurses less undanted then the rest  
 ffirst howses finish : thus the Girle gane drest.  
 Its' Rare to see how this poore Towne did rise  
 By weakest means : two weake in great ons eys :  
 And sure it is, that mettells' cleere Exstraction 9  
 Had neuer share in this poore Town's ervation ;  
 Without which metall and sum fresh suplys  
 Patrons conclud she neuer upp wold rise.  
 If ever she mongst ladys haue a station,  
 Say 'twas ffrom Parentce, not har education.  
 And now conclud the lord's owne hand it wase,  
 That with weak means did bring this work to pass ;  
 Not only Towne, but sister Church to ade  
 Which out of dust and Ashes now is had.  
 Then all Inhabit Woburne Towne, stay make  
 The lord, not means, of all you undertake. 10

### NOTES.

- 1 I have lived for a short time.
- 2 To examine the place, and build the new town.
- 3 The Patrons feared it would rival Charlestown.
- 4 The 7 Com'rs to build town, who were thought to be of a lower order.
- 5 Ezekiel Richardson, Thomas Graves, 2 of the 7 Com'rs.
- 6 Samuel and Thomas Richardson, 2 of the 7 Com'rs.
- 7 Edward Johnson.
- 8 Edward Converse at S. Woburn, and John Mousall, on Hilly Way at Centre.
- 9 Money did not aid in building town.
- 10 Trust in the Lord.

## Lines in Verse.

BY PARKER L. CONVERSE.

1892.

*Being a continuation of those by Capt. Edward Johnson.*

“ABSIT INVIDIA VERBO.”<sup>1</sup>

I, Woburn Town, born in wilderness grounds,  
 From fear, <sup>2</sup> put by patrons to nurse among clowns, <sup>3</sup>  
 Deserted by some, <sup>4</sup> and left to my fate,  
 Was rocked by a neighbor <sup>5</sup> willing and great,  
 In two houses furnished in season to save  
 My life from finding an untimely grave  
 By two of seven nurses, <sup>6</sup> undaunted, who made  
 These first arks of refuge in which I was laid.  
 Since Edward Johnson in his famous rhyme  
 Told my weak baby struggles in *his* time,  
 I've grown to be rich, and of city size ;  
 From penniless pocket, and infant cries,  
 By aid of plough, shoe bench, and carrier's knife, <sup>7</sup>  
 Which gave new currents of blood to my life,  
 I've reared three daughters, <sup>8</sup> from home now away,  
 And sent out three Presidents, <sup>9</sup> famous to-day,  
 Have a Library Building, best in the land,  
 With water as pure as the World can command,  
 And Schools, Churches, Banks, and four Railroads, too,  
 With men and women of ability, who  
 Stand firm at the helm, with plenty of means  
 To guide me, a City, quite out of my teens,  
 With my Gas Lights, Electrics, and Factories hum,  
 To greater fame in the years yet to come.  
 And now 'tis told, it is plain to you all,  
 How I, The Bereft, <sup>10</sup> grew to stature so tall.  
 By such weak means as were then at command,  
 When Johnson and Converse took me in hand,  
 For they were able, and acted together,  
 While the rest was done by shoes, talent and leather.  
 So let all honor the brave hearts and true,  
 Who nursed me to strength, from my infancy through.

### NOTES.

- <sup>1</sup> I say it without boasting.
- <sup>2</sup> Charlestown, the mother town, feared it would rival her,
- <sup>3</sup> The 7 Com'rs who were thought to be lower than the Patrons.
- <sup>4</sup> Ezekiel Richardson, Thomas Graves.
- <sup>5</sup> Edward Johnson, one of the 7 Com'rs.
- <sup>6</sup> Edward Converse, John Mousall, <sup>2</sup> of the 7 Com'rs to settle town.
- <sup>7</sup> The chief industries were agriculture, then shoes, lastly leather.
- <sup>8</sup> Wilmington, Burlington, Winchester.
- <sup>9</sup> Pierce, Cleveland, and Benjamin Harrison, who each had ancestors here.
- <sup>10</sup> The Infant Town of Woburn.











